Syn. 7. 63. 402

THE IEALOVS LOVERS.

A Comedie presented to their gracious Majesties at CAMBRIDGE, By the students of *Trinitie-Colledge.*

1719

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH, Master of Arts, and Fellow of the House.

——Valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

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TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL M. D. COMBER

Dean of *Carleil*, Vicechancellour of the Universitie of *Cambridge*, and Master of *Trinitie-Colledge*.

Right Worshipfull,

I Have observed in private families, that the carefull father disposing of his children to severall employments, sends some to school, some to his plough, some to his flocks, while perchance the youngest, as uncapable of greater businesse, has the libertie to play in his hall. So is it in our societie (which joyfully acknowledges you our carefull and indulgent parent:) those of stronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are busied some in one, some in another of the graver and more serious studies; while *I*, the last of that learned Bodie, am task'd to these lighter exercises. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preserved by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious houres to your service: for when I consider the magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all these bles'd in your auspicious government; I finde a fire kindled in my breast, whose flame aims higher, and tells me, so glorious a hive the royall Founders meant not to shelter drones. So wishing our whole Bodie long happy in so provident a Governour, I rest, what my oath and peculiar ingagements have bound me to be,

Yours devoted in all dutifull observance,

THO. RANDOLPH.

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To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

I Beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expence of a sixpence, and the losse of an houre. If I could by mine own industrie have furnished the desires of my friends, I had not troubled the Presse. 'Tis no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it; if I finde thee charitable, I acknowledge my self beholding to thee: if thou condemne it of weakenesse, I cannot be angrie to see another of my minde. I do not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwayes admired the free raptures of Poetrie; but it is too unthriftie a science for my fortunes, and is crept into the number of the seven, to undo the other six. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value it as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am in pietie bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch'd for praise and love-rubbing, but that I was willing thou shouldest have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kinde as my audience, who, when they might have us'd their censures, made choice of their mercies: and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemencie. I confesse no heights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

——Neque si quis scribit, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.

No, bestow the honour of that glorious title on those that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper mouthes: Leave me to the privacie of my studies, and accept for thy unknown friend

T. R.

To

¶ *To that compleat and noble Knight,*
Sir KENELLAM DIGBIE.

SIr, when I look on you, me thinks I ſee
To the full height, how perfect man may be.
Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were
So courteous as to give to each their ſhare;
While we lie lock'd in darkneſſe, night and day
Waſting our fruitleſſe oyl and time away,
Perchance for skill in Grammar, and to know
Whether this word be thus declin'd or no.
Another cheats himſelf, perchance to be
A prettie youth, forſooth, in fallacie:
This on Arithmetick doth hourely lie,
To learn the firſt great bleſſing,——Multiply.
That travels in Geometrie, and tires,
And he above the world a map admires.
This dotes on Muſicks moſt harmonious chime,
And ſtudying how to keep it, loſes time.
One turns o're hiſtories, and he can ſhow
All that has been, but knows not what is now.
Many in Phyſick labour; moſt of theſe
Loſe health, to know the name of a diſeaſe.
Some (too high wiſe) are gazing at a ſtarre,
And if they call it by his name, they are
In heaven already. And another one
That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicon,
At Poetrie throws wit and wealth away,
And makes it all his work to write a play.
Nay, on Divinitie many ſpend their powers,
That ſcarce learn any thing, but to ſtand two houres.
How muſt we, Sir, admire you then, that know
All Arts, and all the beſt of theſe can ſhow?
For your deep skill in State, I cannot ſay;
My knowledge there is onely to obey:
But I beleeve 'tis known to our beſt Peeres,
Amaz'd to ſee a Neſtor at your yeares.
Mars claims you too, witneſſe the Gallion,
That felt your thunder-bolts at Scanderon.

When

When Neptune frighted let his Trident fall,
And bid his waves call you their Generall.
How many men might you divide your store
Of vertues to, and yet not leave you poore,
Though enrich them? Stay, here. How dare I then
To such an able judgement show my pen?
But 'tis, Sir, from a Muse that humbly prayes,
You'l let her ivie wait upon your bayes.

Your admiring servant, T. R.

¶ To the truely noble Knight Sir *Christopher Hatton.*

TO you (whose recreations, Sir, might be
Others employments; whose quick soul can see
There may, besides a hawk, good sport be found,
And musick heard, although without a hound)
I send my Muse. Be pleas'd to heare her strain
When y'are at truce with time. 'Tis a low vein.
But were her breast enrag'd with holier fire,
That she could force, when she but touch'd her lyre,
The waves to leap above their cliffs, dull earth
Dance round the centre, and create new birth
In every Element, and out-charm each Spheare;
'Twere but a lesson worthy such an eare.

T. R.

¶ To his honoured Friend M^r. *Anthonie Stafford.*

SIr, had my Muse gain'd leisure to conferre
With your sharp judgement, e're I ventur'd her
On such an audience, that my Comedie
Had suffer'd by thy Obelisk, and thee:
It needed not of just applause despair,
Because those many blots had made it fair.
I now implore your mercy to my pen,
That should have rather begg'd your rigour then.

T. R.

Colen-

Colendiſsimo viro, & juris municipalis peritiſsimo, Magiſtro Richardo Lane.

SIr, if the Term be done, and you can finde
Leiſure to heare my ſuit, pray be ſo kinde
To give this toy ſuch courteous acceptation,
As to be made your client ith' vacation.
Then, if they ſay I break the Comick laws,
I have an advocate can plead my cauſe.

T. R.

Venerabili viro Magiſtro Olboſton, *præceptori ſuo ſemper obſervando.*

SI bene quid ſcripſi, tibi debeo; ſi male quicquam,
Hæc erit in vitiis maxima culpa meis.
Naufragium meruit, qui non bene navigat æquor,
Cui tu Pigridum per freta Tiphys eras.

T. R.

To his deare friend, Thomas Riley.

I Will not ſay I on our ſtage have ſeen
A ſecond Roſcius; that too poore had been:
But I have ſeen a Proteus, that can take
What ſhape he pleaſe, and in an inſtant make
Himſelf to any thing; be that, or this,
By voluntarie Metamorphoſis.
When thou doſt act, men think it not a play;
But all they ſee is reall: O that day,
(When I had cauſe to bluſh that this poore thing
Did kiſſe a queens hand, and ſalute a king)
How often had I loſt thee! I could finde
One of thy ſtature, but in every kinde
Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee
Could all profeſſions and all paſſions ſee.

When thou art pleas'd to act an angrie part,
Thou fright'ſt the audience; and with nimble art
Turn'd Lover, thou doſt that ſo lively too,
Men think that Cupid taught thee how to wooe.
T'expreſſe thee all, would ask a better pen;
Thou art, though little, the whole map of men.
In deeper knowledge and Philoſophie
Thou truely art what others ſeem to be,
Whoſe learning is all face: as 'twere thy fate
There not to act, where moſt do perſonate.
All this in one ſo ſmall; Nature made thee
To ſhow her cunning in epitomie;
While others (that ſeem giants in the arts,
Such as have ſtronger limbes, but weaker parts)
Are like a volume, that contains leſſe in't,
And yet looks big, 'cauſe 'tis a larger print.
I ſhould my ſelf have too ungratefull ſhown,
Sent I not thee my book:---Take 't, 'tis thine own:
For thus farre my confeſſion ſhall be free,
I writ this Comedie, but 'twas made by thee.

Thy true friend, T. R.

Amico ſuo chariſſimo, ingenioſiſſimo, T. Randolpho, liberum de ejus Comœdia judicium.

Audebit proprios negare odores
Myrrhæ faſciculus, ſuáſque mellis
Mendicare medulla ſuavitates,
Priùs quàm his Veneres deeſſe credam,
Quæ præ ſe placidos ferunt Amores.
Æternùm vigeat, vigens amore.
Quòd ſi quis lapides loquatur, iſtum
Jam jam aptum Tumulò ſcias libellum.
En! noſter bona verba portat autor:
Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auras,
Ridentes, niveóque perjocoſæ
Vincentes Charitas nitore frontis.

Amores

Amores ſimul elegantiaſque
Ad partus properare tum putetis,
Cùm riſus popularis & theatri
Plauſus ſuppediſarit obſtetricem.

DEſert keeps cloſe, when they that write by gueſſe,
Scatter their ſcribbles, and invade the Preſſe.
Stage Poets ('tis their hard, yet common hap)
Break out like thunder, though without a clap.
Here 'tis not ſo; there's nothing now comes forth,
Which hath not for a licence its own worth.
No ſwagg'ring terms, no taunts; for 'tis not right
To think that onely toothſome which can bite.
See how the Lovers come in Virgin die,
And Roſie bluſh, enſignes of modeſtie;
Though once beheld by ſuch with that content,
They need not fear others diſparagement.
But I'le not tell their fortune, what e're't be;
Thou muſt needs know't, if skill'd in palmeſtrie.
Thus much, where King applauds, I dare be bold
To ſay, 'Tis Pettie-treaſon to withhold.

Edward Hide.

¶ *To his deareſt friend the Authour, after he had reviſed his Comedie.*

THe more I this thy maſter-piece peruſe,
The more thou ſeem'ſt to wrong thy noble Muſe,
And thy free Genius: If this were mine,
A modeſt envie would bid me confine
It to my ſtudie, or the Criticks court,
And not make that the vulgar peoples ſport,
Which gave ſuch ſweet delight unto the King,
Who cenſur'd it not as a common thing,
Though thou haſt made it publick to the view
Of ſelf-love, malice, and that other crue.
It were more fit it ſhould impaled lie

Within the walls of ſome great librarie;
That if by chance through injurie of time,
*Ariſtopha-nes. Plautus, and Terence, and that * fragrant thyme
Of Attick wit ſhould periſh; we might ſee
All thoſe reviv'd in this one comedie.
The Jealous Lovers, Pander, Gull, and Whore,
The doting Father, Shark, and many more
Thy ſcene doth repreſent unto the life,
Beſide the character of a curſt wife:
So truely given, in ſo proper ſtyle,
As if thy active ſoul had dwelt a while
In each mans bodie; and at length had ſeen
How in their humours they themſelves demean.
I could commend thy jeſts, thy lines, thy plot,
Had I but tongues enow; thy names; what not?
But if our Poets, praiſing other men,
Wiſh for an hundred tongues; what want we then
When we praiſe Poets? This I'le onely ſay,
This work doth crown thee Laureat to day.
In other things how all, we all know well,
Onely in this thou doſt thy ſelf excell. *Edward Fraunces.*

¶ *To his deare friend* Mr. Thomas Randolph, *on his Comedie called The* Jealous Lovers.

FRiend, I muſt grieve your poems injur'd be
By that rare vice in Poets, Modeſtie.
If you diſlike the iſſues of your pen,
You have invention, but no judgement then.
You able are to write, but 'tis as true,
Thoſe that were there can judge as well as you.
You onely think your gold adulterate,
When every ſcale of judgement findes it weight,
And every touchſtone perfect. This I'le ſay,
You contradict the name of your own play:
You are no lover of the lines you writ,
Yet you are jealous ſtill of your own wit.

Rich. Benefield, T. C.

To his ingenuous friend, the Authour, concerning his Comedie.

THe Muſes (Tom) thy *Jealous Lovers* be,
Striving which has the greateſt ſhare in thee.
Euterpe calls thee hers; ſuch is thy skill
In paſtorall ſonnets, and in rurall quill.
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cries,
Thou haſt an excellent vein for elegies.
'Tis true; but then Calliope diſdains,
Urging thy fancie in heroick ſtrains.
Thus all the nine: Apollo by his laws
Sits judge in perſon to decide the cauſe:
Beholds thy Comedie, approves thy art,
And ſo gives ſentence on Thalia's part.
To her he dooms thee onely of the nine;
What though the reſt with jealouſie repine?
Then let thy Comedie, Thalia's daughter,
Begin to know her mother Muſe by laughter.
Out with't, I ſay, ſmother not this thy birth,
But publiſh to the world thy harmleſſe mirth.
No fretting frontiſpice, nor biting Satyre
Needs uſher't forth: born tooth'd? fie, 'tis 'gainſt nature.
Thou hadſt th' applauſe of all: King, Queen, and Court,
And Univerſitie, all lik't thy ſport.
No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour
Need quarrell at diſlike, and, ſpight of rumour,
Force a more candid cenſure, and extort
An approbation, maugre all the court.
Such rude and ſnarling prefaces ſuit not thee,
They are ſuperfluous: for thy Comedie,
Backt with its own worth and the authours name,
Will finde ſufficient welcome, credit, fame.

James Duport.

Randolpho ſuo.

AN quæram monumenta firmiora,
Noſtri nomïnis ut ſuperſit ætas,
Cùm ſcriptus legar in tuo libello,
Et tecum ſimilis futurus ævi,
Qui jam vita cluis Scholæ & Theatri?
Nolo. Marmor erit mihi poëta.
Mauſolæa mihi mei Menandri
O quàm æterna ſatìs liber perennis!
Non quæram monumenta firmiora,
Noſtri nominis ut ſuperſit ætas.

Thom. Riley.

AGmine non tanto paupertas multa beatam
Divitis & pranſam vexat ubique domum,
Quot tua quotidie pulsârunt limina Chartæ:
Fervidus à tergo & quiſque rogator adeſt.
Prodeat audacter, repetitáque vulnera præli
Fabula, quæ meruit ſuſtinuiſſe, ferat.
Non horret tantùm tua Muſa, aut mutat, ut eſſet
Turpior ornatu Ruſtica Nympha ſuo.

Car. Fotherbie, *ℸ. Coll.*

¶ Amico ſuo ingenioſiſſimo
THOM. RANDOLPH.

FIngito zelotypos, quos pulchrè fingis, amores;
Sed nil de Muſa ſuſpicionis habe.
Fac dominam ut plures nôrint, & adultera fiet;
Muſa, licèt fuerit publica, caſta manet.

Fr. Meares.

Fratri

Fratri ſuo *Thom. Randolph.*

Non ſatis eſt quòd te dederit natura priorem,
Ni ſimul & natu major, & arte fores?
Illa, ſciens noſter quàm non ſit magnus agellus,
Ingenio tenues jure rependit opes.

Ro. Randolph. æd. Chr. Oxon.

AUTHORI.

HEi mihi! quos fluctus, quod tentas æquor, amice?
Queis te jactandum das maleſanus aquis?
Irritata juvat quid poſsit lectio ſcire?
Æmula vel de te dicere lingua velit?
I felix, oculos dudum prædatus, & aures,
Cenſurámque ipſam ſub juga mitte gravem.
Qui meruit CAROLO plauſum ſpectante, popello
Non eſt cur metuat diſplicuiſſe rudi.
Dirige victorem captivo Cæſare currum,
Augeat & titulos victa MARIA tuos:
Triſte ſupercilium lævo nictantis ocello
Mitte ſibi: Momis eſt placuiſſe nefas.

Thom. Vincent.

Drama-

Dramatis perſonæ.

Tyndarus, ſonne of Demetrius, and ſuppoſed brother to Pamphilus, inamour'd of Evadne.
Pamphilus, ſuppoſed ſonne to Demetrius, but ſonne indeed to Chremylus.
Evadne, ſuppoſed daughter of Chremylus.
Techmeſſa, daughter to Chremylus.
Demetrius, an Athenian in the diſguiſe of an Aſtrologer.
Chremylus, an old man.
Dypſas, his wife.
Simo, an old doting father.
Aſotus, his prodigall ſonne.
Ballio, a Pandar, and Tutour to Aſotus.
Phryne, a Courteſan, and Miſtreſſe to Aſotus.
Phroneſium, a merry chambermaid.
Hyperbolus, *Thraſimachus*, } two ſouldiers.
Bomolochus, *Cherilus*, } two Poëts.
A Sexton.
Staphyla, his wife.
Pægnium, a Page.
A Prieſt.
Officers.
Servants.

The Scene Thebes.

The

The Jealous Lovers.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Simo, Asotus, Ballio.

Simo. HOw thrives my boy Asotus? is he capable
Of your grave precepts? *Ball.* Sir, I never met
A quicker brain, a wit so neat and spruce;
Well, get thee home old Simo: go & kneel:
Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods
Th'hast got a boy of wax, fit to receive
Any impressions. *Asot.* As I am a Gentleman,
And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad,
To take me for a dunce. *Sim.* No, good Asotus,
It is thy fathers care, a provident care,
That wakes him from his sleepe to think of thee:
And when I brooding sit upon my bags,
And every day turn o're my heaps of gold,
Each piece I finger makes me start, and crie,
This, this, and this, and this is for Asotus.
Asot. Take this, and this, and this, and this againe
Can you not be content to give me money,
But you must hit me in the teeth with't? S'lid,
Ball. Nay, good Asotus, such a loving father
That does not blesse you with a sweatie palm
Clapt on your head, or some insinuitull prayer;
But layes his blessings out in gold and silver,

Fine white and yellow bleſſings. *Aſot.* Prithee Ballio,
I could endure his white and yellow bleſſings,
If he would leave his prating. *Sim.* Do you heare him?
How ſharp and tart his anſwers are? Old Simo,
Th'haſt got a wittie wittie wagge; yet deare one,
When I behold the vaſtneſſe of my treaſure,
How large my coffers, yet how cramm'd with wealth,
That every talent ſweats as in a crowd,
And grieves not at the priſon, but the narrowneſſe.
Aſot. If I make not room for 'um, ne're truſt me.
Sim. When I ſee this, I cannot chuſe but fear
Thou canſt not finde out wayes [illegible]w to ſpend it:
They will out-vie thy pleaſures. *Ball.* Few ſuch fathers!
I cannot chuſe but ſtroke your beard, and wonder,
That having ſo much wealth, you have the wit
To underſtand for whom you got it. *Aſot.* True:
And I have ſo much wit to underſtand
It muſt be ſpent, and ſhall, boyes. *Sim.* Pray heaven it may!
Aſot. I'le live to ſpend it all; and then——perhaps I'le die,
And will not leave the purchaſe of a ſheet,
Or buy a rotten coffin. *Ball.* Yes, deare Pupill,
Buy me an urn, while yet we laugh and live;
It ſhall contain our drink, and, when we die,
It may preſerve our duſt: 'tis fit our aſhes
Should take a nap there, where they took their liquor.
Sim. Sage counſel this——obſerve it boy——obſerve it.
Aſot. I live in Thebes, yet I dare ſweare all Athens
Affords not ſuch a Tutour: thou mayſt reade
To all the young heires——in town or citie.
Sim. Ah Ballio! I have lived a dunghill wretch,
Grown poore by getting riches, mine own torture,
A ruſt unto my ſelf, as to my gold:
To pile up idle treaſure, ſtarv'd my bodie
Thus, to a wrinkled skin, and rotten bones,
And ſpider-like have ſpunne a web of gold
Out of my bowels; onely knew the care,
But not the uſe of gold.——Now, gentle Ballio,

I would not have my ſonne ſo loath'd a thing:
No, let him live and ſpend, and buy his pleaſures
At any rate. Reade to him, gentle Ballio,
Where are the daintieſt meats, the briskeſt wines,
The coſtlieſt garments. Let him dice and wench;
But with the faireſt, be ſhe wife or daughter
To our beſt Burgeſſe: and if Thebes be ſcarce,
Buy me all Corinth for him:——When I ſleep
Within my quiet grave, I ſhall have dreams,
Fine pleaſant dreams, to think with how much pleaſure
Aſotus ſpends what I with care have got.

Aſot. Sure I were a moſt ungracious childe now,
If I ſhould ſpoil the dreams of a dead father.
Sleep when thou wilt within thy quiet urn,
And thou ſhalt dream thou ſeeſt me drink Sack plentie,
Incircled round with Doxies plump——and daintie.

Sim. How thrives my boy?——How forward in his ſtudies?

Ball. Troth--with much induſtrie--I have brought him now
That he is grown--paſt drinking. *Sim.* How man? paſt drinking?

Ball. I mean, he is grown perfect in that ſcience.

Sim. But will he not forget? *Aſot.* No, I warrant you,
I know I ſha'nt forget; becauſe i'th' morning
I ne're remember what I did o're night.

Sim. How feeds my boy? *Ball.* Troth well: I never met
A ſtomack of more valour, or a tooth
Of ſuch judicious knowledge. *Sim.* Can he wench? ha?

Ball. To ſay the truth--but rawly. *Aſot.* Rawly?--I'me ſure
I have alreadie made my Dad a Grandſire
To five and twentie——and if I do not
Out of meere charitie people all the Hoſpitalls
With my ſtray babes, then geld me——Wo to the Pariſh
That bribes me not to ſpare it. *Ball.* Then for the Die,
He throws it with ſuch art, ſo poys'd a hand,
That had you left him nothing, that one myſterie
Were a ſufficient portion. *Aſot.* Will you ſee mee?
Set me a bag. Theſe were an Uſurers bones.

Ball. In this behold what frailtie lives in man?

He that rubb'd out a life to gather trash,
Is after death non'd prodigall. *Sim.* Throw, Asotus.
Asot. Then have at all, —— and 'twere a million. —— All
Fortune was kinde, the precious dice is mine.
Sim. And take it boy, and this —— and this beside.
And, 'cause desert may challenge a reward,
This for your paines, deare Ballio. *Ball.* My endeavours,
Although to my best power, —— alas —— come short
Of any merit; Sir, you make me blush,
And this reward but chides my insufficiencie.
Pray urge it not. *Sim.* A modest —— honest —— honest man:
I'le double it —— in faith I will —— I am
The joyfull'st father! *Ball.* See how the good man weeps!
Asot. So he will weep his gold away, no matter.
Sim. Come hither deare, come, let me kisse my sonne.
Asot. There's a sweet kisse indeed, this 'tis to want
A Tutour: had you had my education,
You would have ta'ne me by the lilie hand,
Then gaz'd a while upon my flaming eyes,
As wondring at the lustre of their orbs;
Then humbly beg in language strow'd with flowers,
To taste the cherries of my rubie lip.
God-a-mercy for this, Tutour. *Sim.* I am o'rejoy'd, I am o'rejoy'd.

Exit. Simo.

SCEN. II.

Asotus, Ballio.

Asot. WEll, go thy wayes, I may have a thousand fathers,
And never have the like: —— Well pockets, well,
Be not so sad; though you are heavie now,
You shall be lighter. *Ball.* Pupill, I must tell you,
I do repent the losse of those good houres,
And would call back the studie I have ta'ne
In morall Alchymie, to extract a Gentleman
Almost out of a dunghill. Still do I see
So much of peasant in you? *Asot.* Angrie, Tutour?
Ball. Teem'd my Invention all this while for this?

No

No better iſſue of my labouring brain,
After ſo many and ſuch painfull throes?
Another ſinne like this, and be transform'd
Meere clown again. *Aſot.* The reaſon, deare Inſtructour.

Ball. Have I not open'd to you all the myſteries,
The preciſe rules and axiomes of Gentilitie?
And all methodicall? Yet you ſtill ſo dull,
As not to know you print eternall ſtaine
Upon your honour, and corrupt your bloud
(That coſt me many a minute the refining)
By carrying your own money? See theſe Breeches,
A pair of worthy, rich, and reverent Breeches,
Loſt to the faſhion by a lump of droſſe.
I'le be your bailiffe rather. *Aſot.* Our infection.

Ball. Who, that beheld thoſe hoſe, could e're ſuſpect
They would be guilty of mechanick metall?
What's your vocation? Trade you for your ſelfe?
Or elſe whoſe Journeyman or Prentice are you?

Aſot. Pardon me, Tutour; for I do repent,
And do proteſt hereafter I will never
Weare any thing that jingles —— but my ſpurres.

Ball. This is gentile. *Aſot.* Away mechanick traſh:
I'le kick thee, ſonne of earth — Thus will I kick thee, ——
For torturing my poore father. —— Dire avant ——
I do abandon thee. *Ball.* Bleſt be thy generous tongue.
But who comes here? This office muſt be mine:
I'le make you fair account of every drachme.

Aſot. I'le not endure the trouble of account:
Say all is ſpent, —— and then we muſt have more.

SCEN. III.

Tyndarus, Aſotus, Ballio.

Tyn. WHat Furie ſhot a viper through my ſoul
To poiſon all my thoughts? Civil diſſenſion
Warres in my bloud: here Love with thouſand bows
And twenty thouſand arrows layes his ſiege

To my poore heart; which, mann'd with nought but fear,
Denies the great god entrance. O Evadne!
Canst thou, that risest fairer then the morn,
Set blacker then the evening? ——Weak jealousie!——
Did e're thy prying and suspicious sight
Finde her lippe guilty of a wanton smile?
Or one lascivious glance dart from her eye?
The blushes of her cheeks are innocent.
Her carriage sober, her discourse all chaste;
No toyish gestute, no desire to see
The publick shows, or haunt the theatre.
She is no popular Mistresse, all her kisses
Do speak her Virgin, such a bashfull heat
At severall tides ebbes, flowes; flowes, ebbes again,
As 'twere afraid to meet our wilder flame.
But if all this be cunning, (as who knows
The sleights of Sirens?) and I credulous fool
Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces;
I were undone for ever——wretched Tyndarus!

Asot. Ha, ha, ha, he. This is an arrant Coxcombe,
That's jealous of his wife ere he has got her,
And thinks himself a Cuckold before marriage.

Bullio. Want of a Tutour makes unbridled youth
Run wildely into passions. You have got
A skilfull Pilot (though I say it, Pupill)
One that will steer both you and your estate
Into safe harbour, ——Pray, observe his humour.

Tyn. Away foul sin. ——'Tis Atheisme to suspect
A devil lodg'd in such divinitie.
Call snow unchaste, and say the ice is wanton,
If she be so. No, my Evadne, no;
I know thy soul as beauteous as thy face.
That glorious outside which all eyes adore,
Is but the fair shrine of a fairer saint.
O pardon me thy penitent infidell:
By thy fair eyes (from whom this little world
Borrows that light it has) I henceforth vow,

Never

Never to think ſinne can be grown ſo bold,
As to aſſault thy ſoul. *Aſot.* This fellow, Tutour,
Waxes and wanes a hundred times in a minute:
In my conſcience he was got in the change o'th' Moon.

SCEN. IIII.

Chremylus, Dyppas, Aſotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Dyp. ROt in thy grave, thou dotard, I defie thee.
Curſt be our day of marriage: ſhall I nurſe
And play the mother to anothers brat?
And ſhe to noſe my daughter?——Take Evadne
Your prety-precious-by-blow-fair Evadne,
The minion of the town: go——and provide her
A place i'th' Spittle. *Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.
Dyp. Let them have patience that can have patience.
For I will have no patience——S'lid. Patience? Patience?
Chrem. You know her daughter to our deareſt friend:
And ſhould my ſonne committed to his care
Thus ſuffer as the poore Evadne does,
The gods were juſt ſo to revenge her wrong.
Dyp. I will not have my houſe afflicted with her; H
She has more faitours then a prety wench in an Univerſitie,
While my daughter has leiſure enough to follow her needle.
Chrem. Wife, I muſt tell you y'are a peeviſh woman.
Dyp. And I muſt tell you y'are an arrant Coxcombe
To tell me ſo. My daughter nos'd by a ſlut?
Aſot. There will be a quarrell, Tutour: do you take
The old mans part, I am o'th' womans ſide.
Chrem. Were every vein in poore Evadne fill'd
With bloud deriv'd from thoſe, whoſe anceſtours
Tranſmitted in that bloud a hate to us,
A lineall hate to all our family;
Yet truſted to my care ſhe is my daughter,
And ſhall ſhare equall bleſſings with mine own.
Dyp. Then a perpetuall noiſe ſhall fill thy houſe,

I will not let thee ſleep, nor eat, nor drink,
But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding.
Thou ſhalt confeſſe the troubled ſea more calme,
That thunder with leſſe violence cleaves the aire:
The ravens, ſchreech-owls, and the mandrakes voice
Shall be thy conſtant muſick——I can talk.
Thy friends that come to ſee thee, ſhall grow deaf
With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue,
No woman in all Thebes is better weapon'd:
And 't ſhall be ſharper; or, were any member
Not dead beſides my tongue, I would employ it
In thy juſt torment. I am vext to think,
My beſt revenge age hath prevented now,
Elſe every man ſhould reade it in thy brow.

Chrem. I will not winde you up, deare larum: Go,
Run out your line at length, and ſo be quiet.

Exit Chremylus.

SCEN. V.

Dypſas, Tyndarus, Aſotus, Ballio.

Tyn. HEre is an argument, *Tyndarus*, to incite
And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of Love.
Are theſe the joyes we reap i'th' nuptiall bed?
Firſt in thy boſome warm the ſnake, and call
The viper to thy arms——O gentle death,
There is no ſleep beſt and ſecure but thine.
Wives are but fair afflictions: ſure this woman
Was woo'd with proteſtations, oathes, and vows,
As well as my Evadne, thought as fair,
As wiſe and vertuous as my ſoul ſpeaks her:
And may not ſhe now play the hypocrite now?
Or after turn Apoſtate?——Guilty thoughts,
Diſturb me not. For were the ſex a ſinne,
Her goodneſſe were ſufficient to redeem
And ranſome all from ſlander. *Dyp.* Gentle Sir,
I pitie the unripenſſe of your age,

That

That caſt your love upon a dangerous rock.
My daughter! —— But I bluſh to own the birth,
And curſe the wombe ſo fruitfull to my ſhame.
You may be wiſe and happie—or repent.

Exit Dypſas.

SCEN. VI.

Tyndarus, Aſotus, Ballio.

Aſot. THis woman is a devil, for ſhe hates her own childrē.

Ball. In what an extaſie ſtands that grieved wight!

Aſot. In troth I ſhall into compunction melt.
Will not a cup of Lesbian liquour rowze
His frozen ſpirits to agilitie?

Ball. Spoke like a ſonne of Æſculapius!

Aſot. My fathers angels guard thee. We have gold
To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean
It ſhould profane theſe breeches. Sure his ſoul
Is gone upon ſome errand, and has left
The corps in pawn till it come back again.

Tyn. Cold jealouſie, I ſhall account thee now
No idle paſſion; when the wombe that bare her
Shall plead her guilt, I muſt forget her name.
Fly from my memorie, I will drink oblivion
To loſe the loath'd Evadne. *Aſot.* Generous Sir,
A pottle of Elixar at the Pegaſus
Bravely carouz'd, is more reſtorative.
My Tutour ſhall diſburſe. *Tyn.* Good impertinent.

Aſot. Impertinent? Impertinent in thy face.
Danger actiues upon the word Impertinent.
Tutour, draw forth thy fatall ſteel, and ſlaſh
Till he devour the word Impertinent.

Ball. The word Impertinent will not bear a quarrell:
The Epithite of good hath mollified it.

Aſot. We are appeaſ'd.—Be ſafe—I ſay—Be ſafe.

Tyn. Be not raſh, Tyndarus. This malicious woman
May as well hate her daughter, as her husband.

I am too ſudden to conclude her falſe
On ſuch ſleight witneſſe. Shall I think the Sunne
Has loſt his crown of light, becauſe a cloud
Or envious night hath caſt a robe of darkneſſe
'Twixt the worlds eye and mine-? *Aſot.* Canſt thou, royall boy,
Burn out the remnant of a day with us?

Tyn. I am reſolv'd upon a ſafer triall.
Sir, you are Courtly, and no doubt the Ladies
Fall out about you: for thoſe rare perfections
Can do no leſſe then raviſh. *Aſot.* I confeſſe—
I cannot walk the ſtreets, but ſtraight the females
Are in a tumult--I muſt leave thee, Thebes,
Leſt I occaſion civil warres to rage
Within thy walls——I would be loth to ruine
My native ſoil. *Ball.* Sir, what with my inſtructions,
He has the wooing character. *Tyn.* Could you now
But pull the maiden-bloſſomes of a roſe
Sweet as the ſpring it buds in, fair Evadne,
Or gain her promiſe, and that grant confirm'd
By ſome ſlight jewell, I ſhall vow my ſelf
Indebted to the ſervice, and live yours.

Aſot. She cannot ſtand the furie of my ſiege.

Ball. At firſt aſſault he takes the female fort.

Aſot. And ride, loves conquerour, through the ſtreets of Thebes. I'le tell you, Sir: You would not think how many gentlemen-uſhers have and daily do endanger their little legs, by walking early & late to bring me viſits from this Ladie, & that Counteſſe. Heaven pardon the ſinne! Ne're a man in this cittie has made ſo many chambermaids loſe their voices, as I ha'done.

Tyn. As how, I pray? *Aſot.* By riſing in the cold night to let me in to their Madam. If you heare a waiting-woman coughing, follow her: ſhe will infallibly direct you to ſome that has been a miſtreſſe of mine.

Ball. I have read loves tactiques to him, and he knows
The militarie diſcipline of wooing:
To rank and file his kiſſes: How to muſter
His troups of complements, and--- *Tyn.* I do beleeve you.

Go

Go on--return victorious. O poore heart,
What ſorrows doſt thou teem with! Here ſhe comes.

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Aſotus, Ballio, Evadne.

Tyn. AND is it poſſible ſo divine a goddeſſe
Should fall from heaven to wallow here in ſinne
With a Babion as this is? ----My Evadne,
Why ſhould a ſadneſſe dwell upon this cheek
To blaſt the tender roſes? ſpare thoſe teares
To pitie others; thy unſpotted ſoul
Has not a ſtain in't to be waſht away
With penitent waters. Do not grieve; thy ſorrows
Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womaniſh weakneſſe.

Aſot. A pretie enemie. I long for an encounter.
Who would not be valiant to fight under ſuch colours?

Evad. My lord, tis guilt enough in me to challenge
A ſea of teares, that you ſuſpect me guiltie.
I would your juſt ſword would ſo courteous be
As to unrip my heart; there you ſhall reade
In characters ſad lovers uſe to write,
Nothing but innocence and true faith to you.

Tyn. I have loſt all diſtruſt; ſeal me my pardon
In a chaſte turtles kiſſe. The doves that draw
The roſie chariot of the Queen of love,
Shall not be linkt in whiter yokes then we.
Come let us kiſſe, Evadne.----Out temptation!
There was too much, and that too wanton heat
In thy laſcivious lip--Go to the ſtews;
I may perchance be now and then a cuſtomer,
But do abjure thee from my chaſter ſheets. *Exit Tyndarus.*

SCEN. VIII.

Evadne, Ballio, Aſotus.

Evad. THEN from the world abjure thy ſelf, Evadne,
And in thy quiet death ſecure the thoughts

Of troubled Tyndarus. —— My womanish courage
Could prompt me on to die, were not that death
Doubled in losing him. Th' Elysian fields
Can be no paradise while he's not there:
The walks are dull without him. *Asot.* Such a qualm
O'th' sudden. *Ball.* Fie, turn'd coward? Resolution
Is the best sword in ware. *Asot.* Then I will on,
And boldly. —— Yet —— *Ball.* What? will you lose the day
Ere you begin the battell? *Asot.* Truely, Tutour,
I have an ague takes me every day,
And now the cold fit's on me. *Ball.* Go home and blush,
Thou sonne of fear. *Asot.* Nay, then I'le venture on,
Were she ten thousand strong. Hail heavenly Queen
Of beautie, most illustrious Cupids daughter
Was not so fair. *Ball.* His mother. *Asot.* 'Tis no matter.
The silly damsell understands no Poetrie.
Deigne me thy lip as blue as azure bright.
Ball. As red as ruby bright. *Asot.* What's that to th' purpose?
Is not azure blue, as good as ruby red?
Evad. It is not charitable mirth to mock
A wretched Ladies griefs. The gods are just,
And may requite you with a scorn as great,
As that you throw on me. *Asot.* Not kisse a Gentleman?
And my father worth thousands? —— Resolution
Spurre me to brave atchievements. *Evad.* Such a rudenesse
Some Ladies by the valour of their servants
Could have redeem'd. —— Ungentle god of love,
Write not me down among the happier names:
I onely live a martyr in thy flames. *Exit.*
Asot. This is such a masculine feminine gender.
Ball. She is an Amazon both stout and tall.
Asot. Yet I got this by struggling. If I fit you not, *a diamond ring out of her eare.*
Proud squeamish coynesse. —Tutour, such an itch
Of kissing runnes all o're me. I'le to Phryne,
And fool away an houre or two in dalliance.
Ball. Go, I must stay to wait on fair Techmessa,
Who is as jealous of young Pamphilus,

As

As Tyndarus of Evadne. *Asot.* Surely, Tutour,
I must provide me a suit of jealousie:
It will be all the fashion.

SCEN. IX.

Techmessa, Ballio.

Tech. BLesse me! what uncouth fancies tosse my brain?
As in your arbour sleep had clos'd mine eyes,
Me thought within a flowrie plain were met
A troup of Ladies, and my self was one.
Amongst them rose a challenge, whose soft foot
Should gentlest presse the grasse, and quickest run.
The prize for which they strove, the heart of Pamphilus.
The victorie was doubtfull. All perform'd
Their course with equall speed, and Pamphilus
Was chosen judge to end the controversie.
Me thought he shar'd his heart, and dealt a piece
To every Lady of the troup, but me:
It was unkindly done. *Ball.* I have descried——
Tech. What, Ballio? *Ball.* A frostin his affections
To you;——but heat above the rage of Dog-dayes
To any other peticoat in Thebes.
I do not think but were the pox a woman,
He would not stick to court it. *Tech.* O my soul!
Thou hast descried too much.——How sweet it is
To live in ignorance! *Ball.* I did found him home.
And with such words profan'd your reputation,
Would whet a cowards sword. One that ne're saw you,
Rebuk'd my slanderous tongue. I feel the crab-tree still,
While he sat still unmov'd. *Tech.* It cannot be.
Ball. I'le undertake he shall resigne his weapon,
And forsweare steel in any thing but knives,
Rather then venture one small scratch, to salve
Your wounded honour; or, to prove you chaste,
Encounter with a pin.
Tech. I am no common mistresse, nor have need

To entertain a multitude of champions
To draw in my defence.——Yet had he lov'd me,
He could not heare me injur'd with ſuch patience.
Ballio, one triall more: bring me his ſword
Rather reſign'd then drawn in my defence,
And I ſhall reſt confirm'd. *Ball.* Here's a fine buſineſſe.
What ſhall I do? go to a cutlers ſhop,
And buy a ſword like that. O'twill not do.
Tech. Will you do this? *Ball.* It is reſolv'd. I will
One way or other. Wit, at a dead lift help me.

SCEN. X.

Pægnium, Techmeſſa, Ballio.

Pæg. MAdam, the wretched Pāphilus! *Tech.* What of him?
Pæg. Is through your cruelty and ſuſpicion dead.
Ball. That news revives me. *Tech.* Haſte Techmeſſa then:
What doſt thou here when Pamphilus is dead?
Caſt off this robe of clay my ſoul, and flie
To overtake him, bear him companie
To the Elyſian groves: the journey thither
Is dark and melancholy: do not ſuffer him
To go alone. *Pæg.* Madam, I joy to ſee
With how much ſorrow you receive his death.
I will reſtore you comfort: Pamphilus lives.
Ball. If Pamphilus live, then Ballio's dead again.
Tech. Do you put tricks upon me? we ſhall have you
On a little counterfeit ſorrow, and a few drops
Of womans teares, go and perſwade your maſter
I am deeply in love with him. *Pæg.* If you be not,
You ought in juſtice. *Tech.* I'le give thee a new feather
And tell me what were thoſe three Ladies names
Your maſter entertain'd laſt night. *Pæg.* Three Ladies!
Tech. You make it ſtrange now. *Pæg.* Madam, by all oathes
My maſter bears a love ſo firmly conſtant
To you, and onely you; he talks, thinks, dreams
Of nothing but Techmeſſa. When he heares

The

The ſound of your bleſt name, he turns Chameleon,
And lives on that ſweet aire. Here he has ſent me *(he layes down his ſword, to pull out his letters.*
With letters to you; which I ſhould deliver
I know not, nor himſelf: for firſt he writes,
And when that letter likes him not, begins
A ſecond ſtyle, and ſo a third and fourth,
And thus proceeds, then reades 'um over all,
And knows not which to ſend: perchance tears all.
The paper was not fair enough to kiſſe
So white a hand, that letter was too big,
A line uneven; all excuſe prevail'd,
Language, or phraſe, or word, or ſyllable,
That he thought harſh and rongh. I have heard him wiſh
Above all bleſſings heaven can beſtow
(So ſtrange a fancie has affection taught him)
That he might have a quill from Cupids wing
Dipt in the milk of Venus, to record
Your praiſes and his love. I have brought you here
Whole packets of affection. *Ball.* Bleſſed occaſion! *(he ſteals away the ſword*
Here is a conqueſt purchas'd without bloud.
Though ſtrength and valour fail us, yet we ſee
There may a field be wonne by policie. *Exit.*

Tech. Go, Pægnium, tell your maſter I could wiſh
That I was his, but bid him chooſe another.
Tell him he has no hope e're to enjoy me;
Yet bid him not deſpair. I do not doubt
His conſtant love to me. Yet I ſuſpect
His zeal more fervent to ſome other ſaint.
Say I receive his letters with all joy,
But will not take the pains to reade a ſyllable. *Exit.*

Pæg. If I do not think women were got with ridling, whip me: Hocas, pocas, here you ſhall have me, and there you ſhall have me. A man cannot finde out their meaning without the ſieve & ſheers. I conceive 'um now to be engendred of nothing but the winde and the weather-cock. What? my ſword gone? Ha! Well. This ſame pandarly-rogue Ballio has got it; he ſows ſuſpiciõs of my maſter here, becauſe he cudgels him into manners.

ners. And that old ſcold Dypſas hires him to it. How could ſuch a devil bring forth ſuch an Angel as my Lady Techmeſſa? unleſſe it were before her fall. I know all their plots, and yet they cannot ſee 'um. Heaven keep me from love, and preſerve my eye-ſight. Go plot Engineers, plot on:

I'le work a counter mine, and 'twill be brave,
An old rogue over-reach'd by a young knave. *Exit.*

ACTUS II. SCEN. I.

Aſotus, Ballio.

Aſot. REvenge, more ſweet then muſcadine & egges.
To day I will embrace thee. Healths in blond
Are ſouldiers mornings draughts. Proud, proud Evadne
Shall know what 'tis to make a wit her foe,
And ſuch a wit as can give overthrow
To male or female, be they ——— man or woman.
This can my Tutour do, and I, or ——— no man.

Ball. And Pamphilus ſhall learn by this deare knock
His liberall valour late beſtowed upon me,
Invention lies at ſafer ward then wit:
This ſword ſhall teach not to provoke the cruell.

Aſot. And by this gemme ſhall I confound a jewell.
S'lid, Tutour, I have a wit too, there was a jeſt *extempore*.

SCEN. II.

Aſotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Tyn. PHyſicians ſay, there's no diſeaſe ſo dangerous
As when the Patient knows not he is ſick.
Such, ſuch is mine. I could not be ſo ill,
Did I but know I were not well. The fear
Of dangers but ſuſpected, is more horrid

Then

Then present miserie. I have seen a man,
During the storm, shake at the thoughts of death:
Who, when his eyes beheld a certain mine,
Died hugging of the wave. Were Evadne true,
I were too blest; or could I say she's false,
I could no more be wretched. ——— I am well.
My pulse beats musick, and my lively bloud
Dances a healthfull measure. ——— Ha! What's this
Gnaws at my heart? what viperous shirt of Nessus
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh?
'Tis some infection. ——— *Asot.* Tutour, let's be gone.
O' my life we are dead men else. *Tyn.* My Asotus?
Asot. Keep your infection to your self. *Tyn.* 'Tis love
Is my infection. *Asot.* Nay, then I care not, Tyndarus;
For that is an epidemicall disease,
And is the finest sickness in the world
When it takes two together. *Tyn.* Deare, deare self!
How fares the darling of the age? Say, what successe?
Asot. Did not I tell you, Sir, that I was born
With a caul upon my face? My mother wrapt me
In her own smock. The females fall before me
Like trembling doves before the towring hawk,
While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk.
Ball. So he takes virgins with his amorous eye,
As spiders web intraps the tender flie.
Asot. True, Tutour, true; for I wooe 'um with cobweb-lawn.
Tyn. I know the rest of women may be frail,
Brittle as glasses: but my Evadne stands
A rock of Parian marble, firm and pure.
The crystall may be tainted, and rude feet
Profane the milkie way: The Phœnix self,
Although but one, ——— no virgin: Ere I harbour
Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid!
No, Tyndarus, reflect upon thy self,
Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthinesse,
That does thy thoughts to this suspicion move:
She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'st no love.

Asot. I do not know where the inchantment lies,
Whether it be the magick of mine eyes,
Or lip, or cheek, or brow——but I suppose
The conjuration chiefly in my nose.
Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me first.
Troth 'tis a pretie lasse; and for a woman
She courts in handsome words, and now and then
A polite phrase, and such a feeling appetite,
That having not a heart of flint or steel,
As mine's an easier temper,——I consented
To give her, in the way of almes, a night
Or so:——You guesse the meaning. Tyr. Too too well.
And must her lust break into open flames,
To lend the world a light to view her shames?
Could not she taste her Page? or secretly
Admit a tuft-back'd Groom into her armes?
Or practise with her Doctour, and take Physicke
In a close room? But thus, good heavens, to take
Her stallions up i'th streets! While sin is modest,
It may be healed; but if it once grow impudent,
The fester spreads above all hopes of cure.
I never could observe so strange a boldnesse
In my Evadne. I have seen her cheeks
Blush, as if modestie her self had there
Layn in a bed of corall.——But how soon
Is vertue lost in women! *Ball.* Mistake us not,
Deare Tyndarus; Evadne may be chaste
To all the world——but him. And as for him,
Diana's self, or any stricter goddesse
Would loose the Virgin-zone. I have instill'd
Magnetique force into him, that attracts
Their iron hearts, and fashions them like steel
Upon the anvile, to what shape he please.
He knows the minute, the precise one minute,
No woman can hold out in. Come to me, Sir,
I'le teach you in one fortnight by Astrologie
To make each Burgesse in all Thebes——your cuckold.

Asot.

Asot. As silly lambes do fill the wolves black jaw,
And fearfull harts the generous lions paw,
As whales eat lesser fries; so may you see
The matrons, maids, and widows stoup to me.

Tyn. O do not hold me longer in suspense:
The prisoner at the barre may with lesse fear
Heare the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,
Then stand the doubtfull triall. Pray confirm me. (crack!

Asot. Know you this Jewel? *Tyn.* O my sad heart-strings!

Asot. If your Evadne be a Phœnix, Tyndarus,
Some ten moneths hence you may have more o'th' breed.

Tyn. This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it
By all the oathes religion knew: No Deitie
In all the court of heaven but highly suffers
In this one perjurie. The diamond
Keeps his chaste lustre still, when she has foil'd
A glorie of more worth then all those toyes
Proud folly gave such price to. *Asot.* This? a prety toy;
But of no value to my other trophies
That the frail tribe has sent me. Your best jewels
Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels;
And that's a mysterie. I have sweat out such
Varietie of trifles, their severall kindes
Would pose a learned lapidary: my closet,
By some that knew me not for Cupids favourite,
Has been mistaken for a Jewellers shop.

Ball. And then for ribbands, points, for knots & shoe-strings,
Or, to slip higher, garters, no Exchange
Affords such choice of wares. *Asot.* Phœbus, whip
Thy lazy team, run headlong to the West,
I long to taste the banquet of the night.
Sir, if you please, when I am surfetted,
To take a prety breakfast of my leavings——

Tyn. Where art thou, patience? Hence contagious mists
That would infect the aire of her pure fame:
My sword shall purge you forth, base drosse of men,
From her refined metall. *Asot.* Blesse me, Tutour!

This is not the preciſe minute. *Tyn.* Why ſhould I
Afflict my ſelf for her? No, let her vaniſh.
Shall I retain my love, when ſhe has loſt
The treaſure of her vertue? Stay, perchance
Her innocence may be wronged, ſaid I, perchance?
That doubt will call a curſe upon my head
To plague my unbelief. —But here's a witneſſe
Of too too certain truth ſtands up againſt her.
Me thinks the flame that burnt ſo bright dies in me,
I am no more a captive, I have ſhak'd
My fetters off, and broke thoſe gyves of ſteel
That bound me to my thraldome. —My fair priſon,
Adieu. —How ſweetly breathes this open aire!
My feet, grown wanton with their libertie,
Could dance and caper till I knockt at heaven
With my advanced head. Come deare Aſotus,
There are no pleaſures but they ſhall be ours.
We will diſpeople all the elements
To pleaſe our palates. Midnight ſhall behold
Our nightly cups, and weare a blacker maſk,
As envious of our jollities. The whole ſex
Of women ſhall be ours. Merchants ſhall proffer
Their tender brides, Mothers ſhall run and fetch
Their daughters (ere they yet be ripe) to ſatisfie
Our liquoriſh luſts. Then Tiryns happy call,
That loſing one fair maid, has purchas'd all.

Aſot. You have an admirable method, Tutour!
If this fellow has not been i' my heart, I'le be hang'd,
He ſpeaks my minde ſo pat. Ha, boon courage!

Ball. You ſee what more then miracles art can do.

Tyn. And when we have runne o're the catalogue
Of former pleaſures, thou, and I, and Ballio
Will ſit and ſtudie new ones. I will raiſe
A ſect of new and rare Philoſophers,
Shall from my name be call'd Tyndarides.

Aſot. And I will raiſe another ſect like theſe,
That ſhall from me be call'd —Aſotides.

Tutour,

Tutour, my fellow Pupill here and I
Muſt quaffe a bowl of rare Philoſophie,
To pledge the health of his Tyndarides.
Tyn. Come, bleſt reſtorer of my libertie.
Aſot. If any friend of yours want libertie
In ſuch a kinde as this, you may command me.
For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,
Th' Aſotides ſhall grant them libertie.
Tyn. We will be frolick, boy; and ere we part,
Remember thee, Thou mighty man of art.

Exeunt Tyndar. & Aſot.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Techmeſſa.

Ball. THere is beſides revenge a kinde of ſweetneſſe
In acting miſchief. I could hug my head,
And kiſſe the brain that hatches ſuch deare rogueries,
Such loving loving rogueries. —— Silly Pamphilus,
With thine own ſword I'le kill thee, and then trample
On the poore fooliſh careaſe. Techmeſſa here?
Then fortune wait on my deſignes, and crown 'um
With a ſucceſſe as high as they deſerve.
Tech. Me thinks ſometimes I view my Pamphilus
Cloth'd Angel-like in white and ſpotleſſe robes;
And ſtraight upon a ſudden my chang'd fancie
Preſents him black and horrid, all a ſtain,
More loathſome then a leper. *Ball.* And that fancie
Preſents him in his likeneſſe. All the ſinks
And common ſhores in Thebes are cleanly to him. (miſh,
Tech. Peace, thou foul tongue. *Ball.* Nay, if you be ſo ſquea-
I ha' no womaniſh itch to prate. —— Farewell.
Tech. Nay, do not leave me unreſolv'd, good Ballio.
Ball. Why, I did ſet you out in more vile colours,
Then ever cunning pencill us'd to limbe
Witch, hag, or furie with. *Tech.* Thou couldſt not do't,
And live. *Ball.* I am no ghoſt, fleſh and bloud ſtill.

I ſaid you had a prety head of hair,
And ſuch as might do ſervice to the State,
Made into halters: that you had a brow
Hung o're your eyes like flie-flaps: that your eyes
Were like two powdring-tubs, either running o're,
Or full of ſtanding brine: your cheeks were ſunk
So low and hollow, they might ſerve the boyes
For cherry-pits.——*Tech.* Could Pamphilus heare all this,
And not his bloud turn choler? *Ball.* This? and more.
I ſaid your noſe was like a hunters horn,
And ſtood ſo bending up, a man might hang
His hat upon't: that I miſtook the yeare,
And alwayes thought it Winter, when I ſaw
Two icicles at your noſtrils. *Tech.* Have I loſt
All woman, that I can with patience heare
My ſelf thus injur'd? *Ball.* I could beat my ſelf
For ſpeaking it; but 'twas to ſound him, Madam.
I ſaid you had no neck: your chin and ſhoulders
Were ſo good friends, they would ha' nothing part 'um:
I vow'd your breaſts, for colour and proportion,
Were like a writheld pair of o'reworn footballs:
Your waſte was ſlender, but th' ambitious buttock
Climbes up ſo high about, who ſees you naked
Might ſweare you had been born with a vardingal.
Tech. I am e'ne frighted with thy ſtrange deſcription.
Ball. I left, aſham'd and weary: he goes on,
There be more chops and wrinkles in her lips,
Then on the earth in heat of Dog-dayes: and her teeth
Look like an old park-pale: She has a tongue
Would make the deaf man bleſſe his imperfection,
That frees him from the plague of ſo much noiſe:
And ſuch a breath (heaven ſhield us!) as out-vies
The ſhambles and bear-garden for a ſent.
Tech. Was ever ſuch a furie? *Ball.* For your ſhoulders,
He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop
Some beam o'th' Temple; and that's all the uſe
Religion can make of you: Then your feet,

(For

(For I am loth to give the full deſcription)
He vowes they both are cloven. *Tech.* Had all malice
Dwelt in one tongue, it could not ſcandall more.
Is this the man adores me as his ſaint?
And payes his morning oriſons at my window
Duly as at the Temple? Is there ſuch hypocriſie
In loves religion too? Are Venus doves
But white diſſemblers? Is this that Pamphilus
That ſhakes and trembles at a frown of mine,
More then at thunder? I muſt have more argument
Of his apoſtaſie, or ſuſpect you falſe.
Ball. Whoſe ſword is this? *Tech.* 'Tis his. And this I tied
About the hilt, and heard him ſweare to fight
Under thoſe colours, the moſt faithfull ſouldier
The fields of Mars or tents of Cupid knew.
Falſe men, reſigne your arms. Let us go forth
Like bands of Amazons: for your valours be
Not upright fortitude, but treacherie.
Ball. I urg'd him in a language of that boldneſſe,
As would have fir'd the chilleſt veins in Thebes,
To ſtand in your defence, or elſe reſigne
The fruitleſſe ſteel he wore. He bid me take it.
He had not ſo much of Knight errant in him,
To vow himſelf champion to ſuch a doxie.
Tech. Then Love, I ſhoot thy arrows back again,
Return 'um to thy quiver, guide thy arm
To wound a breaſt will ſay the dart is welcome,
And kiſſe the golden pile. I am poſſeſt
With a juſt anger, Pamphilus ſhall know
My ſcorn as high as his. *Ball.* Bravely reſolv'd.
Madam, report not me to Pamphilus
Authour of this: for valour ſhould not talk,
And fortitude would loſe it ſelf in words.
Tech. I need no other witneſſe then his ſword.

SCEN.

SCEN. IIII.

Ballio, Asotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tyn. TEchmessa? never did I understand
The sweets of life till now, I will pronounce
This for my birth-day. *Tech.* And this happy minute
Has clear'd my soul too of the same disease.
Asot. Then do as Tyndarus did, and go with me;
Wee'l drink a pottle to Libertie, and another
Pottle to th' Asotides, and a pottle to the Tyndarides,
And a fourth to the She-philosophers ycleped——Techmessi-
(des.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Asotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Pamphilus.

Tyn. PAmphilus, welcome; Shake thy sorrows off:
Why in this age of freedome dost thou sit
A captiv'd wretch? I do not feel the weight
Of clay about me. Am I not all aire?
Or of some quicker element? I have purg'd out
All that was earth about me, and walk now
As free a soul as in the separation.
Pam. Brother, if any stream of joy can mix
With such a sea of grief as mine, and lose not
His native sweetnesse, 'tis a joy for you.
But I am all bitternesse. *Ball.* Now, Asotus,
The Comedie begins. *Pam.* When will my sufferings
Make my atonement with my angrie goddesse?
Do you celestiall forms retain an anger
Eternall as your substance? *Tech.* O fine hair!
An amorous brow, a prety lovely eye,
A most delicious cheek, a handsome nose!
How Nectar-sweet his lips are! and his teeth,
Like two fair ivory pales, inclose a tongue
Made up of harmonie. Then he has a chin
So full of ravishing dimples, it were pitie

A beard ſhould overgrow it: and his feet
Paſt all expreſſion comely.
Pam. Do not adde
Contempt to cruelties. Madam, to inſult
Upon a proſtrate wretch, is harder tyrannie
Then to have made him ſo. *Tech.* And then a ſhoulder
Straight as the pine or cedar. *Pam.* Courteous death,
Take wings; thou art too ſlow. *Tech.* I could not heare
Thoſe precious parts defam'd, but I durſt fight
In the juſt quarrell. *Tyn.* 'Tis a touchy Tiger.
How happy am I that have ſcap'd the deanes
Of theſe ſhe-wolves! *Ball.* Now my ſafetie lies
Upon a tickliſh point——a womans ſecrecie,
Madam, my reputation is deare to me.
Pam. In what a maze I wander! how my ſorrows
Run in a labyrinth! *Tech.* I'le unriddle it.
Ball. St, St. The honour of a man at arms.
Tech. Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have learnt
Neglect from thee. *Pam.* Madam, I am all love:
And if the violence of my flame had met
With any heart but marble, I had taught it
Some ſpark of my affection. *Ball.* Now it heats.
Tech. No doubt the flame is violent, and muſt work
Upon a breaſt ſo capable as mine.
Aſot. I think Cupid be turn'd juggler. Here's nothing but Hocas pocas, Praſto be gone; Come again Jack; and ſuch feats of activitie.
Tech. But I muſt tell you, you are falſe and perjur'd,
Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, Sir, (*To Aſotus.*
(For I ſuppoſe you of a nobler ſoul)
If you ſhould heare your miſtreſſe by rude tongues
Wrong'd in the graces both of minde and beautie,
Could you have ſuffered it? *Aſot.* Madam, were you made
From bones of Hercules, and brawn of Atlas,
And daughter were unto Gargantua great,
And wrong my miſtreſſe: you ſhould heare my rage
Provoke my blade, and crie, Blade, canſt thou ſleep

In peacefull ſcabbard? Out thou beaſt of terrour,
And lion-like roar this diſdainfull wight
To Plutoes ſhades and ghoſts of Erebus.
Tech. Yet you, my valiant champion, could reſigne
This (if you know it) rather then endure
The terrour of your own ſteel, to redeem
My bleeding honours. *Pam.* How am I betray'd,
And fall'n into the toyls of treacherie!
Give me a man bold as that earth-born race
That bid Jove battell, and beſieg'd the gods;
And if I make him not creep like a worm
Upon his belly, and with reverence
Lick up the duſt you ſcatter from your ſhoe,
May I for ever loſe the light I live in,
The ſight of you. *Tech.* I'le trie your ſpirits, Phroneſium. (*Iurat Phroneſ. & exit rurſus, & ſtatim introit cū gladio.*
Tyn. That bloud of goats ſhould ſoften Adamant!
And poore weak woman with an idle face
Should make the ſouldier to forget his valour,
And man his ſex!

Enter Phroneſium.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Aſotus, Techmeſſa, Pamphilus, Phroneſium.

Tech. HEre's a champion for you.
Phron. Come, Sir, this ſword be yours, and if you dare
Maintain the liſts againſt me, as I fear
Your bloud is whey by this time, by your valour
You may redeem your honour and your ſword.
Aſot. This is another Hercules come from the diſtaffe.
Phron. If not, I do proclaim thee here no Knight,
But mean to poſt thee up for a vile varlet,
And the diſgrace of Chivalrie. *Pam.* O my ſhame!
Aſot. A dainty Lady errant. *Ball.* A fine piece
Of female fortitude. *Phron.* If this ſtirre thee not,

Thy

Thy miſtreſſe is the blemiſh of her ſex,
A dirtie filthy huſwife. *Pam.* Would it were not
Diſhonour now to kill thee! *Phron.* If your valour
Lie in your back-parts, I will make experience
Whether a kick will raiſe it. Pray go fetch him
Some *aqua vitæ:* for the thought of ſteel
Has put him in a ſwound: Nothing revive you?
Then will I keep thy ſword, and hang it up
Amongſt my buſk-points, pins, and curling-irons,
Bodkins, and vardingals, a perpetuall trophie *Exit Phron.*
How brave a Knight you are. *Pam.* Where ſhall I run
And finde a deſert, that the foot of man
Ne're wandred in, to hide from the worlds eyes
My ſhame? S'death, every Page, and ſweaty Footman,
And ſopie chambermaid will point and laugh at me.
Tyn. I joy to think that I ſhall meet Evadne
Turn'd on the ſudden Moor. How black and vile
She will appeare!

SCEN. VII.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Aſotus, Techmeſſa, Pamphilus, Evadne.

Tyn. O Heavens! who will not dare
Henceforth to ſcorn your powers, & call ſacriledge
Merit and pietie? I do not ſee
A hair deform'd, no tooth or nail ſuſtain
The brand of her deſerved ſhame. You puniſht
The Queen of beautie with a mole; but certainly
Her perjurie hath added to her form,
And that the abuſed gods bribe her with beautie,
As the wrack'd tenant ſtrives to buy the favour
Of his imperious Landlord. *Evad.* Gentle Tyndarus,
Load not weak ſhoulders with too great a burthen.
Tyn. O luſt! on what bright altars blaze thy flames,
While chaſtitie lets her cold fires glow out
In deform'd temples, and on ruin'd altars!

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Tempt me not ſtrumpet, you that have your hirelings,
And can with jewels, rings, and other toyes
Purchaſe your journeymen-lechers. *Evad.* My chaſte eare
Has been a ſtranger to ſuch words as theſe,
I have not ſinne enough to underſtand 'um,
And wonder where my Tyndarus learnt that language.
Tyn. I am turn'd eagle now, and have an eye
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate ſunne.
I muſt be ſhort. Who muſt this ring direct
Into your guilty ſheets? *Evad.* I do not know
How I ſhould loſe that pledge of my Lords love:
But 'tis not in the power of any thief
To ſteal away the heart I have vowed yours:
And would to all the gods I had kept it there! (thee.
Aſot. Come, bluſh not baſhfull belly-piece——I will meet
I ever keep my word with a fair Lady.
I will requite that jewell with a richer.
The glorious heavens arayd in all their ſtarres
Shall not outſhine thee. Be not, girle, aſham'd.
Theſe are acquainted with it. I would vex 'um
To night with the remembrance of thoſe ſports
We ſhall enjoy: then pleaſures double riſe,
When both we feed, and they ſhall Tantalize.
Evad. It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine
A virgins fame, with hazard of your own.
Aſot. Tut, laſſe, no matter, we'le be manly anon.
Tyn. A fine diſſembler! ha! what tumult's here?

Enter Pagnium and officers.

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Aſotus, Techmeſſa, Evadne, Pamphilus, Pagnium, and officers.

Pag. THat's he, I charge you apprehend the villain.
1. *Offic.* Villain, we reprehend thee. *Ball.* Slaves, for what?
2. *Offic.* For an arrant cutpurſe: you ſtole away this little Gentlemans ſword; and being done by chance-medly, 'tis flat felonie by ſtatute.

Pam.

Pam. I thank thee Innocence. Though earth disclaim
Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.
Pag. Confesse, or I will have thee instantly
Hang'd for a signe on thine own post. *Ball.* Well, villanie,
Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, for 'twas you I wrong'd,
I do confesse the sword by which I rais'd
So strange a scandall on you, was by me
Stoln from your Page, as he delivered letters
From you to your Techmessa; and the plot
Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune
Made me th' unlucky instrument. *Asot.* Cursed traytor,
Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning,
But the high-way to th' gallows. There shall we
Hang up like vermine. Little did I think
To make the women weep and sob to see
Th' untimely end of two such proper men.
This mouth was never made to stand awry,
And sure my neck was long enough before.
Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg
Pardon for faults committed, I acknowledge
That striving with felonious intent
To steal a kisse or two from your sweet lips,
From your sweet eare I stole a ring away.
Pag. For which your sweet neck must endure the halter.
Tym. I am again thy servant, mighty love!
O my Evadne, how shall I appeare
So bold as but to plead in mine own cause?
It is so foul that none can seal my pardon,
But you that should condemne me. *Evad.* Sir, you know
The power I have is yours: be your own judge,
And seal your pardon here. *Tym.* 'Tis double life
Granted by such a seal. *Tech.* What punishment
Shall we inflict on these? *Asot.* Gentle Ladie,
E'ne what you please,——but hanging;——that's a death
My enemies will hit me in the teeth with.
Besides, it makes a man look like a Cat
When she cries mew. *Ball.* I'le bark and bite a while

Before the dogs death choak me. *Asot.* Pray dismisse
This pack of hounds: and, since we both are guilty,
Let us bestow on one anothers shoulders
The good and wholesome counsell of a cudgell. (man.
Peg. Pray let me intercede. *Asot.* Thanks, prety little Gentle-
Tyn. Officers, you are discharged. *Asot.* Are the madde
dogs gone? *Exeunt officers.*
Come Tutour, I must reade a while to you
Under correction. —— Not so hard, good Tutour.
Tyn. Enough. *Asot.* Nay, one bout I beseech you more
To make up satisfaction. *Ball.* Well, for this
I'le have one engine more; my bad intents
Mend not, but gather strength by punishments.
Tyn. Your satisfaction now is full and ample.
Asot. Nay, we must have the health i'th' crabtree-cup too:
One to th' Tyndarides, another to th' Asotides,
And one, my dear instructour, to the Techmessides.
Pam. Nay, now your penance doth exceed your crime.
Asot. Say you so? nay, then here's a health to the Pamphilides too;
And, for his noble sake, to the Evadnides,
And all Philosophie sects what e're they be.
Evad. Your justice to your selves is too severe.
Asot. Then I ha' done: farewell, and hearty thanks.
But, Tutour, stay; this little Gentleman
Has been forgot: —— Pray, Sir, what may I call you?
Peg. My name is Pægnium. — *Asot.* I were most unthankfull
To passe o're you. —— To the Pægniades, Tutour:
You have brought us to a fair passe, Tutour. *Ball.* Tush,
'Twas but to exercise your passive valour.
Asot. Your passive valour? give me your active valour:
I do not like your black and blue valour,
When bones shall ake with magnanimitie.

Exeunt Asot. Ball. Peg.

SCEN.

SCEN. IX.

Tyndarus, Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa.

Tyn. BRother, I finde my soul a troubled sea
Whose billows are not fully quieted,
Although the storm be over. Therefore, Pamphilus,
By the same wombe that bred us, and the breasts
Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,
With all the charms that love can teach thee,
Assault Evadne's faith: if thou report her
Constant, I end my jealousie: if frail,
The torrent of my love shall bend his course
To finde some other chanel. *Pam.* By that love
That made us twins, though born at severall births,
That grew along with us in height and strength,
I will be true. Farewell. *Tyn.* Be sudden, Pamphilus. *Exit Tyn.*
Evad. Me thinks this should confirm you. *Tech.* That he was not
Guilty of this, acquits him not of all:
To prove a man free from an act of theft,
Assoils him not of murder. No, no, sister;
Tempt him with kisses, and what other dalliance
Craft and indulgent nature hath taught woman
To raise hot youth to appetite; if he yeeld not,
I will put off distrust. I do not know
Whom I durst trust but you. *Evad.* Though mine own love
Finde me enough of business, yet in hope
That you will second me in my occasions,
I undertake the task. *Tech.* Take heed Evadne,
Lest, while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle
A reall fire.——I dare not be too confident.
Hence will I closely pry into their actions,
And overheare their language; for if my sister
See with my eyes, she cannot choose but love him
In the same height with me.

SCEN.

SCEN. X.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa in insidiis.

Pam. IT grieves me that a Lady of your worth,
Young, soft, and active as the spring, the starre
And glorie of our nation, should be prodigall
Of your affections, and misplace your love
On a regardlesse boy. *Evad.* Sir, the same pitie
I must return on you. Were I a man
Whom all the Ladies might grow rivals for,
(As lesse you cannot be) I would not lose
My service to a Mistresse of so coy
And proud an humour? —— True, she is my sister;
But the same wombe produces severall natures,
I should have entertain'd so great a blessing
With greater thankfulnesse. *Pam.* that my starres should be
So crosse unto my happinesse! *Evad.* And my fate
So cruell to me! *Pam.* Sweet, it is in us
To turn the wheel of Fortune; she's a goddesse
That has no deitie where discretion reignes.
Evad. But shall I wrong my sister? *Pam.* Do not I
Give just exchange, and lose a brother for her?
Our sufferings have been equall, and their prides.
They must be equall necks that can draw even
In the same yoke. *Evad.* I have observ'd, the chariot
Of the great Cyprian Queen links not together
The dove with sparrows, but the turtle joyns
With turtles, and the sparrow has his mate.
Pam. See if one softnesse kisse not in our lips.
Evad. One lip not meets the other with more sympathie,
Then yours met mine. *Pam.* Let's make the second triall.

SCEN. XI.

Techmessa, Pamphilus, Evadne.

Tech. I Can endure no longer, —— Gentle sister.
Evad. I cannot blame your jealousie: for I finde——
Tech.

Tech. Too much of ſweetneſſe in his amorous lips.
There is no tie in nature; faith in bloud
Is but a thing that ſhould be: Brothers, ſiſters,
Fathers, and mothers, are but ſpecious names
Of love and dutie: you and I have been
But gueſts in the ſame wombe, that at firſt meeting
Change kinde and friendly language, and next morning
Fall out before they part, or at leaſt ride
Contrarie rodes. *Evad.* Will you then miſconſtrue
The ſervice I perform'd at your requeſt?
Tech. Henceforth I'le ſet the Kite to keep my chickens,
And make the Wolf my ſhepherd.

SCEN. XII.

Evadne, Techmeſſa, Pamphilus, Tyndarus.

Tyn. PAmphilus, how is't? *Pam.* I know not how to anſwer thee.
She met me with more courtſhip then I tender'd.
Tech. Sir, we are both abus'd, and the ſame wombe
That gave us life was fruitfull to our ruine.
Your traitour weares the maſk call'd Brother: mine
As cunning a diſguiſe, the name of Siſter.
Theſe eyes are witneſſe, that deſcried 'um kiſſing
Cloſer then cockles, and in luſtfull twines
Outbid the ivy, or the circling arms
Of winding vines. Their hot embraces met
So neare, and folded in ſo cloſe a knot,
As if they would incorporate, and grow one.
Tyn. Then farewell all reſpect of bloud and friendſhip,
I do pronounce thee ſtranger. If there can be
Valour in treacherie, put thy truſt in ſteel
As I do, not in brothers. ——Draw, or die.
Pam. Brother. *Tyn.* I hate the name, it is a word
Whets my juſt anger to a ſharper edge.
Pam. Heare me. *Tyn.* I will no pleading but the ſword.
Wert thou protected by Apollo's temple,

Or hadſt the altar for ſecuritie,
Religion ſhould not binde me from thy death.
Couldſt thou retreat into my mothers wombe,
There my revenge ſhould finde thee. I am ſudden,
And talk is tedious. *Pam.* Beare me witneſſe heaven,
This action is unwilling!

SCEN. XIII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa, Evadne, Chremylus, Dypſas.

Chrem. PUt up for ſhame thoſe rude unhallowed blades,
And let not raſh opinion of a valour
Perſwade you to be Parricides. Pray remember
You thirſt but your own bloud. He that o'recomes,
Loſes the one half of himſelf. *Tyn.* Deare Chremylus,
The reverence to your age hath tied my hands:
But were my threed of life meaſur'd by his,
I'de cut it off, though we both fell together;
That my incenſed ſoul might follow his,
And to eternity proſecute my revenge.
Pam. Brother, at your intreaty I adventured
To court Evadne; and, becauſe I found her
Againſt my minde, too eaſie to my ſuit,
Your rage falls heavie on me. *Tech.* On my knees
I beg, deare father, cloyſter me in darkneſſe,
Or ſend me to the deſert to converſe
With nothing but a wilderneſſe, or expoſe me
To the cold mercy of the winde and wave,
So you will free me from the companie
Of a falſe ſiſter. *Evad.* Sir, with much perſwaſion
She wrought on me to perſonate a love
To Pamphilus, to finde if I could ſtagger
The faith he vow'd to her. This have I done,
And this ſo much hath mov'd her. *Chrem.* Here you ſee
The fruits of raſhneſſe. Do you finde your errour?
But the foul ſpring, from whence theſe bitter ſtreams

Had

Had their first head, I fear, is from you Dypsas.
Dyp. I will no more denie it, I have sown
Those seeds of doubt, wishing to see dissension
Ripe for the sickle——For what cause, I now
Forbear to speak——But henceforth I will strive
To cleare those jealousies, and conclude their loves
In a blest nuptiall. *Tyn.* O how frail is man!
One Sunny day the exhalation reares
Into a cloud: at night it falls in teares. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCEN. I.

Dypsas, Tyndarus.

Tyn. IF it be not immodestie to demand
So bold a question; I would be resolv'd
Of one doubt yet. *Dyp.* Speak boldly, by all holinesse
My answer shall be true. *Tyn.* When you were young,
And lively appetite revelled in your bloud,
Did you not finde rebellion in your veins?
Did not the same embraces tedious grow,
And cause a longing in your thoughts to taste
Varieties of men? *Dyp.* I blush, I cannot answer
With a deniall; not a proper Gentleman
But fore'd my goatish eye to follow him:
And, when I had survey'd his parts, I would
With any losse of honour, wealth, and friendship,
Have bought him to my bed: and truely, Sir,
'Twas cheap at any rate. *Tyn.* Steel'd impudence!
What fruit can I expect the bough should bear
That grows from such a stock? *Dyp.* I had of late
A moneths minde, Sir, to you: Y'ave the right make
To please a Lady. *Tyn.* Sure this old piece of lust,

When she is dead, will make her grave a brothell,
And tempt the worms to adulterate her carcasse.
Dyp. And that's the reason I have crost'd my daughter
To further mine own love. Pitie me, Sir;
For though the fewel's spent, there is a spark
Rak'd up ith' embers. But I now desist.
Please you to go to Ballio's house, my daughter
Shall meet you there——I hope that out of dutie
She will not grudge her mother a good turn
When she is married——now & then. *Tyn.* Is there no house
To meet at, but this Ballio's? Is Evadne
Acquainted there? is that the rendevous
Of her hot meetings? —— yet I still suspect
This womans malice to her childe not lost.
I will bestow some time, and go to see
The strange event of this dark mysterie. *Exit Tyndarus.*

SCEN. II.

Dypsas, Ballio.

Dyp. BAllio. *Ball.* Madam. *Dyp.* See your house be stor'd
With the deboisest Roarers in the citie,
Let every room be fill'd with noise and quarrelling,
For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there.
You guesse the rest; if not, this purse of gold
Better inform you. *Exit Dypsas.*
Ball. Most celestiall Lady,
Though I have practised villanie from my cradle,
And from my dugge suckt mischief more then milk,
This furie still out-does me.——I am vext,
Vext to the heart, to see a silly woman
Carry more devils in her then my self.
And yet I love thee——thou she-rogue, I love thee.
Had I but such a wife, what a fine brood
Of toads could I beget!

SCEN.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Simo.

Ball. HEre comes my mole,
The ſonne of earth, that digs his mothers entrals
To turn up treaſure for his boy and me;
That with induſtrious eyes ſearches to hell,
To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome;
Thou age of gold: how do the bags at home?
Are all the cheſts in health? thrives the purſe ſtill?
And ſayes it to the talents, Multiply?
Sim. Thanks to my providence, like a ſwarm Wealth falls
Not in ſmall drops upon me, (as at firſt)
But like a torrent overthrows the bank,
As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pitie
My boy ſhould not invent ſluces enow
To drain the copious ſtream. *Ball.* A thouſand pities!
That you ſhould loſe the fruits of ſo much care.
Sim. True Ballio, true. *Ball.* Truſt me, what art can do
Shall not be wanting. *Sim.* I'le not be ungratefull.
It lies in you to turn theſe ſilver hairs
To a freſh black again, and by one favour
Cut fourtie yeares away from the gray ſumme.
Ball. I had rather cut off all, & be our own carvers.
Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boyl
An aged ramme in ſome inchaunted caldron
Till he ſtart up a lambe, I would recall
Your youth, and make you like the aged ſnake
Caſt off this wrinkled skin, and skip up freſh
As at fifteen. *Sim.* All this you may and more.
If you will place me where I may unſeen
Make my eye witneſſe of my ſonnes delight,
I ſhall enjoy the pleaſures by beholding 'um.
Ball. True Sir, you know he's but your ſecond ſelf,
The ſame you might have been at one and twenty:
The bliſſe is both's alike. *Sim.* Moſt Philoſophicall!

Ball. Place your ſelf there. *Sim.* I ha' no words but theſe
To thank you with. *Ball.* This is true Rhetorick.

SCEN. IIII.

Aſotus, Ballio, Bomolochus, Charilus, Thraſimachus, Hyperbolus, Simo in angulis.

Aſot. COme forth my Raſcalls: Let the thriving Lord
Confine his family unto half a man
Yclep'd a——Page. Our honour be attended
With men of arts and arms. Captains and Poets
Shall with the Bilbow blade and Gray gooſe quill
Grace our Retinue——And, when we grow ſurly,
Valour and wit fall proſtrate at our frown;
Crouch imps of Mars, and frogs of Helicon.

Sim. How they adore him! and the perilous wagge
Becomes his ſtate: To ſee what wealth can do,
To thoſe that have the bleſſing how to ſpend it!

Ball. Your bleſſing was the wealth: the art of ſpending
He had from me. *Sim.* Once more I give thee thanks.

Thraſ. Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude,
And not pay homage to thy potent toe,
Shall be a morſell for the dogs. *Aſot.* Stoutly deliver'd,
My brave Thraſimachus——Thou for this ſhalt feed.
I will not ſuffer valour to grow lean,
And march like famine. I have ſeen an armie
Of ſuch a meagre troup, ſuch thin-chapt ſtarvelings,
Their barking ſtomacks hardly could refrain
From ſwallowing up the foe, ere they had ſlain him.

Hyper. If thou command our ſervice, we will die
Dull earth with crimſon, till the teares of orphanes,
Widows, and mothers waſh it white again:
Wee'l ſtrow thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighes,
And pay thee tribute thouſand heads a day,
Freſh bleeding from the trunk: and panting hearts
Not dead ſhall leap in thy victorious paw.

Aſot. Then ſay thou too to Hunger——Friend adieu!

Ballio,

Ballio, condemne a bagge, let traſh away,
See 'um both arm'd in ſcarlet cap-a-pea,
Strike top-ſail, men of warre. *Ball.* We muſt divide:
We that ſerve great men, have no other ſhifts
To thrive our ſelves, but gelding our Lords gifts.
Sim. Now I am rich indeed, this is true treaſure.
Aſot. Ha! has Melpomene ta'ne cold of late,
That you are ſilent, my Parnaſſian beagles?
Is Clio dumbe? or has Apollo's Jews-trump
By ſad diſaſter loſt her melodious tongue?
Cher. Your praiſe all tongues deſire to ſpeak: but ſome,
Nay all, I fear, for want of art grow dumbe:
The harp of Orpheus bluſhes for to ſing,
And ſweet Amphions voice hath crackt a ſtring.
Aſot. A witty ſoleciſme reward the errour! harp and ſing, voice and ſtring.
Bom. Give me a breath of thunder, let me ſpeak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with the noiſe obſtreperous. I will warble
Such bounſing notes ſhall cleave obdurate marble
Upon mount Caucaſus heavens-knocking head;
Boreas ſhall blow my trumpet, till I ſpread
Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice three ſiſters,
Till envies eares ſhall heare it and have blifters.
Aſot. O rare cloſe, a high ſublime conceit!
For this I'le ſheath thee in a new ſerge ſcabbard,
Blade of the fount Pegaſean. *Sim.* What an honour
Will our bloud come to! —— I have ſatisfied
For all the Orphanes, Widows, and what others
My ſacred hunger hath devour'd. *Aſot.* Ballio,
Bleſſe him with twentie drachmes —— yet forbear:
Money may ſpoyl his Poetrie. Give's ſome wine,
Here is a whetſtone both for wit and valour.
A health to all my beadſ-men of the ſword.
Thr. Hyp. This will ingage the men of arms to fight.
Aſot. This to the Muſes, and their threed-bare tribe.
Cher. Bom. Thou doſt ingage the learned troups to write.

Aſot.

Asot. Go sonnes of Mars, with young Apollo's brood,
And usher in my Venus: wine hath warm'd
My bloud, and wak'd it to an itch of sporting.
Ball. Some twenty ages hence 'twill be a question
Which of the two the world will reverence more:
You for a thriving father, or Asotus
So liberall a sonne. *Sim.* Good, Ballio, good:
But which will they preferre? *Ball.* They cannot, Sir,
But most admire your fist, which grip'd so much
That made his hand so open. *Sim.* Gracious starres,
How blest shall I be twentie ages hence!
Some twentie ages hence. *Ball.* You shall be call'd
A doting Coxcombe twentie ages hence.

(*Exeunt Bom. Hyp. Cher. Thra.* for to fetch in *Phr.* *Asotus* the while is putting in his armour.

SCEN. III.

Cherilus, Bomolochus before personating 2 Mercuries, Phryne in an antique robe and coronet, guarded in by Hyperbolus and Thrasimachus.

Asot. HOw bright and glorious are the beams my starre
Darts from her eye! Leade up, my Queen of beauty!
But in a softer march, sound a retreat:
Leade on again, I'le meet her in that state
The god of warre puts on, when he salutes
The Cyprian Queen—— these that were once the postures
Of horrid battells, are become the muster
Of love and beauty. Say sweet brace of Mercuries,
Is she th'——Olympique or the Paphian goddesse?
Ball. Where are you Sir, where are you? *Sim.* In Elysium, in Elysium.
Cher. This is no goddesse of th'——Olympique hall.
Bom. Nor may you her of Neptunes issue call.
Cher. For she nor Siren is nor Amphitrite.
Bom. Nor wood-nymph that in forrest takes delight.
Cher. Nor is she Muse. *Bom.* Nor Grace. *Cher.* Nor is she one of these
That haunt the springs, the beauteous Naiades.

Bom.

Bom. Nor Flora, Lady of the field, is she.
Cher. Nor bright Pomona, th' Orchards deitie.
Bom. No, she is none of these. *Cher.* Oh then prepare
To heare her blessed name. *Beth.* 'Tis Phryne fair.
Asot. Phryne the fair? Oh peace! if this be she,
Go forth, and sing the world a lullabie.
For thy deare sake in whom is all delight,
I will no more the trembling nations fright
With bellowing drummes and grones of slaughter'd men.
My father brings the golden age agen.
Phryn. Pardon me, dreadfull deitie of warre,
'Twas love of you that fore'd me from my sphere.
And made me leave my Orb without her influence,
To meet you in the furie of the fight,
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the bloud
Of wretches sacrific'd to the Stygian flood.
Asot. Come forth thou horrid instrument of death.
Ball. Do you heare him, Sir? *Sim.* I, to my comfort, Ballio.
Asot. I will dispeople earth, and drown the world
In crimson flouds and purple deluges.
The old, the young, the weak, the lusty wight,
Souldiers and scholars, fair and foul together,
Men, women, children, infants, all shall die.
I will have none survive that shall have left
Above one eye, three quarters of a face,
And half a nose. I will carve legs and arms,
As at a feast. Henceforth to all posteritie
Mankinde shall walk on crutches. *Phryn.* Cruel Mars!
Let the conjunction of my milder starre
Temper the too malignant force of thine.
The drumme, the fife, and trumpet shall be turn'd
To lutes and citherns. We will drink in helmets,
And cause the souldier turn his blade to knives,
To conquer capons and the stubble goose.
No weapons in the age to come be known,
But sword of Bacon, and the shield of Brawn.
Deigne me a kisse, great Warriour. *Asot.* Hogsheads of Nectar

Are treasur'd in the warehouse of her worth.
That kisse hath ransom'd thousands from the grave.
Phryn. Let me redeem more thousands with a second.
Asot. Rage melts away. I pardon half the world.
Phryn. O let me kisse away all rigour from thee.
Asot. Live mortalls, live. Death has no more to do.
And yet me thinks, a little rigour's left.
Phryn. Thus shall it vanish. *Asot.* Vanish rigour, vanish.
Harnesse the lions, make my chariot ready:
Venus and I will ride. *Phryn.* How? drawn by lions?
Asot. I, thou shalt kisse 'um till their rigour vanish
(As mine has) into aire. I will have these play
With Ounces, Tigers, and the Panthers whelp,
As with a Squirrel. Beares shall wait on thee,
And spotted Leopards shall thy Monkies be.
Sit down my Queen, and let us quaff a bowl:
Seest thou, my Phryne, what a fair retinue
I have provided thee? These for thy defence
'Gainst any Lady rivals thee in beautie.
And these on all occasions shall vent forth
Swelling Encomiums. —— Say Bomolochus,
How sings my Mistresse?
Bom. The Grashopper chaunts not his Autumne quire
So sweet, nor Cricket by the chimney fire.
Asot. They'l make thee any thing. Thou art already
Cricket and Grashopper. —— Charilus, how does she dance?
Cher. Have you beheld the little sable beast
Clad in an Ebon mantle, hight a flea,
Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper
From hemme to sleeve, from sleeve to hemme again,
Dancing a measure o're a Ladies smock,
With motion quick, and courtly equipage?
So trips fair Phryne o're the flowrie stage.
Asot. Now thou art a flea. —— How snorts she as she sleeps?
Bom. Zephyrus breathes not with a sweeter gale
Through a grove of sycomore. The soft spring
Chides not the pebles that disturb his course,

With

With ſweeter murmure. Let Amphions lute
(That built our Theban walls) be henceforth mute.
Orpheus ſhall break his harp, and ſilent be
The reed of Pan, the pipe of Mercurie:
Yea, though the ſpheres be dumbe, I care not for't:
No muſick ſuch as her melodious ſnort.

Aſot. Melodious ſnort! With what decorum ſpits ſhe?

Char. Like the ſweet gummes that from Electar trees
Diſtill, or hony of the labouring bees;
Like morning dew that in a pleaſant ſhowre
Drops pearls into the boſome of a flowre;
Cupid with acorn cups cloſe by her ſits,
To ſnatch away the Nectar that ſhe ſpits.

Aſot. Ballio, preſent me with the crowns of laurell.
Thus I drop wine the beſt of Helicon
On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bayes.
Riſe Poets laureat both! Favour Apollo!

Both. The Muſes and Aſotus be propitious!

Aſot. I will not have you henceforth ſneak to Taverns,
And peep like fidlers into Gentlemens rooms,
To ſhark for wine and radiſhes; nor lie ſentinell
At Ordinaries, nor take up at playes
Some novice for a ſupper: you ſhall deal
No more in ballads, to bewail an execution
In lamentable rythmes: nor beg in Elegies:
Nor counterfeit a ſickneſſe to draw in
A contribution: nor work journey-work
Under ſome play-houſe poſt, that deals in
Wit by retail: nor ſhall you task your brains
To grace a Burgeſſe new poſt with a Rebus:
Or furniſh a young ſuitour with an Anagram
Upon his miſtreſſe name: nor ſtudie poſies
For rings and bracelets.——Injure not the bough
Of Daphne: know that you are laureat now.

Ball. How like you this diſcourſe? *Sim.* Excellent well.
It is a handſome laſſe. If I were young
(As I am not decrepit) I would give

A talent for a kisse. *Phryn.* Come beauteous Mars,
I'le kembe thy hair smooth as the ravens feather,
And weave those stubborn locks to amorous bracelets;
Then call a livelier red into thy face,
And soften with a kisse thy rugged lips.
I must not have this beard so rudely grow,
But with my needle I will set each hair
In decent order, as you rank your squadrons.
Asot. Here's a full bowl to beauteous Phryne's health.
What durst thou do, Thrasimachus, to the man
That should denie it? *Thras.* Dissect him into atomes.
Hyper. I durst do more for beauteous Phryne's sake.
Thras. What, more then I? Hyperbolus, thou art mortall.
Hyper. Yeeld, or I see a breakfast for the crows.
Thras. Death to my lungs, I spit upon thy fame.
Hyper. Then with my steel I whip thy rash contempt.
Asot. Brawling you mastives. —— Keep the peace at home,
And joyn your forces 'gainst the common foe.
Phryn. You shan't be angrie: by this kisse you sha' not.
Asot. I will, unless you swear again. *Phryn.* You sha' not.
Sim. Ah, Ballio! Age has made me dry as tinder,
And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn.
The spark rak'd up in ashes is broke forth,
And will consume me, Ballio. *Ball.* What's the matter?
Sim. Love, cruel love. I must enjoy that Lady,
What ever price it cost me. *Ball.* Your sonnes Mistresse?
Sim. Sonne, or not sonne. —— Let this intreat, and this.
Ball. This will perswade. I must remove your sonne,
His furie else will surely stand 'twixt us
And our designes. —— Old lecher, I will fit you,
And geld your bags for this. You shall be milk'd,
Emptied and pumpt. Spunge, we will squeeze you spunge,
And send you to suck more. —— Invincible Mars.
Asot. What sayes the governour of our younger yeares?
Ball. You have worn this plot of Mars too stale already.
O shift your self into all shapes of love.
Women are taken with varietie.

What

What think you of Oberon the king of Fayries?
I know 'twill strike her fancie.
Asot. Businesse calls.
Drink on, for our return shall sudden be.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Simo, Thrasimachus, Hyperbolus, Charilus, Bomolochus, Phryne.

Ball. PHryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girle,
The golden bull that got this golden calf
Deeply in love with thee. *Phryn.* Let me alone,
I'le fleece him.——*Ball.* Melt him, Phryne, melt him:
We must not leave this Mine, till we have found
The largenesse of the vein.——Suck like an horse-leach.
Come, Sir, and boldly enter: I have chalkt out
An easie path to tread in; 'twill direct you
To your wisht journeys end, and lodge you safe
In her soft arms. *Sim.* Thou art my better Angel.
Wilt thou eat gold, drink gold, lie in gold?
I have it for thee. Old men are twice children;
And so was I, but I am grown again
Up to right man.——Thou shalt be my Tutour too.
Is there no stools, or tables? *Ball.* What to do?
Sim. I would vault over them, to shew the strength
And courage of my back. *Ball.* Strike boldly in, Sir.
Sim. Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's for you.
Give me some wine: Mistresse, a health to you:
Pledge me, and spice the cup with these and these.
Thou shalt have better gowns. *Thras.* A brave old boy.
Hyper. There's metall in him. *Char.* I will sing thy praise
In lines heroick. *Bom.* I will tune my lyre,
And chaunt an ode that shall eternize thee.
Phryn. Of what a sweet aspect! how lovely look'd
Is this fine Gentleman!——I hope you know
It is in Thebes the custome to salute
Fair Ladies with a kisse.——*Sim.* She is enamour'd.

Sure I am younger then I thought my ſelfe
Fair Lady, health and wealth attend thee.
Phryn. Good Sir, another kiſſe: you have a breath
Compos'd of odours. *Sim.* Buy thee toyes with this:
I'le ſend thee more. *Phryn.* How raviſhing is his face!
Sim. That I ſhould have ſo raviſhing a face,
And never know it!——Miſer that I was!
I will go home and buy a looking glaſſe,
To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.
Phryn. Come, lie thee down by me; here we will ſit.
How comely are theſe ſilver hairs! This hand
Is e'ne as right to my own minde, as if
I had the making of it. Let me throw
My arms about thee. *Ball.* How the burre cleaves to him!
Sim. This remnant of my age will make amends
For all the time that I have ſpent in care.
Phryn. Give me thy hand. How ſmooth a palm he has!
How with a touch it melts! *Ball.* The rogue abuſes him
With his greaſie fiſts. *Phryn.* Let us ſcore kiſſes up
On one anothers lips. Thou ſhalt not ſpeak,
But I will ſuck thy words ere they have felt
The open aire.——*Sim.* That I ſhould live ſo long,
And ignorant of ſuch a wealth as this!

SCEN. VII.

Simd, Thraſimachus, Hyperbolus, Charilus, Bomdlochus, Phryne, Aſotus.

Aſot. NOw am I Oberon prince of Fairie land,
And Phryne ſhall be Mab my Empreſſe fair:
My ſouldiers, two I'le inſtantly transform
To Will-with-a-wiſp, and Robin-goodfellow,
And make my brace of Poets tranſmigrate
Into Pigwiggin and Sir Peppercorn.
It were a prety whimſie now to counterfeit
That I were jealous of my Phryne's love.
The humour would be excellent, and become me

Better

Better then either Tyndaras or Tecmessa.
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.
Sim. When shall we marry? *Phryn.* I can hardly stay
Till morning. *Asot.* O what Furie shot
A viper through my soul! Here Love with twenty bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poore heart. —— O Phryne, Phryne!
I haue no cause why to suspect thy love.
But if all this be cunning, as who knows?
Away foul sinne. O eyes, what mischief do you see!
Ball. O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be
A prety scene of mirth. *Sim.* Thou dost not love me,
My boy Asotus, my young sprightly boy
Has stoln thy heart away. *Phryn.* He? a poore mushrome?
Your boy? I should have guess'd him for your father.
He has a skin as wrinkled as a Tortoyse.
I have mista'ne him often for a hedge-hog
Crept out on's skin. Pray keep the fool at home.
Asot. Patience, go live with cuckolds. I defie thee.
Villain, rogue, traitour, do not touch my deare,
So to unsanctifie her tender skin,
Nor cast a goatish eye upon a hair,
To make that little threed of gold profaned,
Or gaze but on her shoe-string that springs up
A reall rose, from vertue of her foot,
To blast the odours; grim-fac'd death shall hurry thee
To Styx, Cocytus, and fell Phlegethon.
Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, I am thy father.
Asot. I no Asotus am, nor thou my sire,
But angrie and incensed Oberon.
Sim. All that I have is thine, though I could vie
For every silver hair upon my head
A piece in gold. —— *Asot.* I should send you to the barbours.
Sim. All, all is thine; let me but share
A little in thy pleasures: onely relish
The sweetnesse of 'um. *Asot.* No, I will not have
Two spenders in a house. Go you and revell,

I will go home and live a drudge-life,
As you ha' done, to scrape up pelf together:
And then forswear all Tutours, Souldiers, Poets,
Women, and wine. I will forget to eat,
And starve my self to the bigness of a polecat,
I will disclaim his faith, that can believe
There is a Tavern, or a Religious place
For holy Nunnes that vow incontinence,
And have their beads to sin by. ——— Get you home.
You kisse a Gentlewoman to endanger
Your chattering teeth? ——— Go, you have done your share
In getting me, to furnish the next age,
Must be my province. Go, look you to yours.
Lie with your mullie bags, and get more gold.
S'lid, anger me, and I'le turn drudge for certain.

Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, pardon me.

Asot. I wonder you are not asham'd to ask pardon.

Sim. It was the dotage of my age, Asotus.

Asot. Who bid you live until this age of dotage?

Sim. I will abjure all pleasures but in thee.

Asot. This something qualifies. *Sim.* It shall be my sport
To maintain thine. Thou shalt eat for both,
And drink for both. ——— *Asot.* Good: this will qualifie more.

Sim. And here I promise thee to make a joynture
Of half the land I have to this fair Lady.

Asot. This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir:
But heare you, Sir, it must be paid for too.
To morrow, Mab, I thee mine Empresse crown.

Ball. All friends. A merry cup go round. What? Captains
And Poets here, and leave the sack for flies?

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Asotus, Phryne, Simo, Thrasimachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Bomolochus, Tyndarus.

Hyp. THrasimachus, a whole one. *Thras.* Done: I'le pledge thee.

Though

Though 'twere a deluge. —— By my ſteel, you have left
Enough to drown an iſland, Chærilus.
Char. And 'twere the famous fount of Hippocrene,
I'de quaff it off all, though the great Apollo
And all the Muſes died for thirſt, Bomolochus.
Bom. Come boy, as deep as is Parnaſſus high.
Tyn. What nurſerie of ſinne is this? what temple
Of luſt and riot? Was this place alone
Thought a fit witneſſe for the knitting up
Chaſte and religious love? Deeds dark as hell,
Inceſt and murder might be acted here.
The holy god of Marriage never lighted
His ſacred torch at ſo profane a den.
It is a cage for ſchreech-owls, bats and ravens,
For crows and kites, and ſuch like birds of prey.
But the chaſte turtle, the indulgent pelican,
And pious ſtork, flie hence as from infection.
Evadne meet me here? Is ſhe a parcell
Of the damn'd family? Are there ſuch white devils
Among their Succuba's? No, thou art wrong'd, Evadne:
And there be ſome that ſcatter ſnakes amongſt us,
Have ſtung too deep already.

SCEN. IX.

Ballio, Aſotus, Chærilus, Simo, Hyperbolus, Thraſimachus, Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. BLeſſe me eyes!
My troubled fancie fools me. I am loſt
In a diſtracted dream. It is not ſhe.
Awake thee, Tyndarus: what ſtrange ſleeps are theſe!
Me thinks I am in hell, and yet behold
A glorious Angel there. Or have theſe devils
Broke into Paradiſe? for the place is ſuch,
She bleſſes with her preſence. —— Meere contradictions,
Chimæra's of a reſtleſſe brain. *Evad.* Diana,
And whatſoever goddeſſe elſe proteſts

Untouch'd virginitie, ſhield me with your powers.
To what a wilderneſſe have my wandring ſteps
Betray'd me! ſure this cannot be a place
To meet my Tyndarus in. *Tyn.* 'Tis Evadne,
'Tis the fair-foul Evadne. Now my ſword,
That hadſt a good edge to defend this woman,
Go ſend her ſoul into another manſion
Black as it ſelf. It is too foul a tenant
For this fair palace. Stay yet, too forward ſteel,
Take her incircled in her ſtallions arms,
And kill two ſinnes together. Let 'um be
At hell to bear the puniſhment of luſt
Ere it be fully acted. *Evad.* What ſtrange fancies
My maiden fears preſent me! Why, I know not:
But this ſuſpicion ſeldome bodeth good.
Thraſ. A handſome Bona Roba, and my prize.
Hyper. I do denie't, ſhe's my monopolie.
Cher. Perchance ſhe may one of the Muſes be,
And then claim I a ſhare for Poetrie.
Evad. If ever ſilly lambe thus ſtray'd before
Into a flock of wolves; or harmleſſe dove
Not onely made the prey, but the contention
Of ravenous eagles; ſuch poore ſoul am I.
Thraſ. Give me a buſſe, my girle. *Evad.* If there be here
A Gentleman in whom there lives a ſpark
Of vertue not yet out; I do beſeech him,
By all the aſhes of his anceſtours,
And by the conſtant love he bears his miſtreſſe,
To reſcue innocence and virginitie
From theſe baſe monſters. I for him will pay
A thouſand prayers a morning, all as pure
And free from earthly thought, as e're found paſſage
Through the ſtrict gate of heav'n. *Tyn.* That's a task for me.
Away foul raviſhers, I will teach my ſword
Juſtice to puniſh you. Such a troup of Harpyes
To force a Ladies honour! I will quench
With your own bloud the rage of that hot luſt

That

That ſpurr'd you on to baſe and bold attempts.

Aſot. Flie, Phryne, flie, for dangers do ſurround.

Sim. This is a pleaſure that I care not for. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. X.

Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. Lady, be ſafe. *Evad.* Sir, may this favour done
An injur'd maid call bleſſings on your head
In plenteous ſhowres! *Tyn.* This courteſie deſerves
Some fair requitall. *Evad.* May plum'd victorie
Wait on your ſword: and if you have a miſtreſſe,
May ſhe be fair as lilies, and as chaſte
As the ſweet morning dew that loads the heads
Of drooping flowres: may you have fair children
To propagate your vertues to poſteritie,
And bleſſe ſucceeding times! ——— *Tyn.* Heaven be not deaf!

Evad. May you and plenty never live aſunder.
Peace make your bed,—and— *Tyn.* Prayer is cheap reward.
And nothing now bought at a rate ſo eaſie
As that ſame highway ware,—Heaven bleſſe your worſhip.
In plain words Lady (I can uſe no language
But what is blunt) I muſt do what they would ha' done.

Evad. Call back your words, and loſe not that reward
Heaven is ingag'd to pay you. *Tyn.* Come: no circumſtance.
Your anſwer, quick. *Evad.* I beg it on my knees,
Have a reſpect to your own ſoul, that ſinks
In this diſhonour, Sir, as deep as mine.

Tyn. You are diſcourteous, Lady. *Evad.* Let theſe teares
Plead for me: did you reſcue me from theeves,
To rob me of the jewell you preſerv'd?

Tyn. Why do I trifle time away in begging,
That may command? —— Proud Damſel, I will force thee.

Evad. I thank thee bleſt occaſion:—Now I dare *She ſnatches a ſtilletto out of his pocket.*
Defie thee devil: here is that ſhall keep
My chaſtitie ſecure, and arm a maid
To ſcorn your ſtrength. *Tyn.* Be not too maſculine, Lady.

Evad. Stand off, or I will search my heart with this,
And force my blood a passage, that in anger
Shall flie into thy face, and tell thee boldly
Thou art a villain. *Tyn.* Incomparable Lady!
By all those powers that the blest men adore,
And the worst fear, I have no black designe
Upon your honour; onely as a souldier
I did desire to prove whether my sword
Had a deserving cause: I would be loth
To quarrell for light ware. Now I have found you
Full weight, I'le weare this life upon my point
That injures so much goodnesse. *Evad.* Your speak honour.

Tyn. Blest be this minute, sanctifie it, Time,
'Bove all thy calendar. Now I finde her gold.
This touchstone gives her perfect, The discovery
Of ne're found kingdomes, where the plough turns up
Rich oare in every furrow, is to this
A poore successe. Now all my doubts are clear'd,
And I dare boldly say, Be happy Tyndarus!

SCEN. XI.

Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus.

Pam. GReat Queen of love, sure when the labouring sea
Did bring forth thee, before she was deliver'd,
Her violent throes had rais'd a thousand storms,
Yet now, I hope, after so many wracks
That I have suffer'd in thy troubled waves,
Thou now wilt land me safe. *Tyn.* Pamphilus here?
He comes to meet Evadne. This is their house
Of toleration. She had spied me out
Through my disguise: and with what studied art,
What cunning language, how well acted gesture,
How much of that unbounded store of teares
She wrought on my credulitie! The Fox,
Hyæna, Crocodile, and all beasts of craft,
Have been distill'd to make one woman up. *Exit.*

Evad.

Evad. And has he left me in this dragons den!
A ſpoil to rapine! what defence, poore maid,
Haſt thou againſt theſe wilde and ſavage beaſts?
My ſtarres were cruel: If you be courteous eyes,
Weep me a flood of teares, and drown me in't,
And be Phyſicians to my ſorrows now,
That have too long been Heraulds of my grief.
My threed of life has hitherto drawn out
More woes then minutes. *Pam.* Health to the fair Evadne.
Evad. Is any left ſo courteous to wiſh health
To the diſtreſs'd Evadne? Pamphilus?
Pam. Is my Techmeſſa here? *Evad.* Now all the gods
Preſerve her hence; there is in hell more ſafety
Among the Furies —— Miſchief built this houſe
For all her family. Gentle Pamphilus,
See me delivered from this jayl, this dungeon,
This horrid vault of luſt.

SCEN. XII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa, Evadne.

Pam. TAke comfort, Lady.
Your honour ſtands ſafe on his guard, while I
Can uſe a ſword. *Evad.* You have confirmed me, Sir.
Tyn. How cloſe they winde, like glutinous ſnakes ingedring!
Tech. Well ſiſter, I ſhall ſtudie to requite
This courteous treacherie. *Evad.* Pamphilus in me
All ſtarres conſpire to make affliction perfect.
Pam. Wait on heavens pleaſure, Madam: ſuch a one
The heavens ne're made for miſery, they but give you
Theſe croſſes as ſharp ſauce to whet your appetite
For ſome choice banquet. Or they mean to leade you
Through a vault dark and obſcure as hell,
To make your Paradiſe a ſweeter proſpect.
——Thus I feed
Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.
Exeunt Evadne, Pamphilus.

SCEN. XIII.

Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tech. WHy should we toil thus in an endlesse search
Of what we now behold?——Let us grow wise.
I loath false Pamphilus——yet I could have lov'd him:
And, if he were but faithfull, could do still.
Tyn. Sure were Evadne false, yet Pamphilus
Would not be made the instrument to wrong me.
Or suppose Pamphilus were a treacherous brother;
Me thinks Evadne should be kinder to me.
Techmessa, joyn with me in one search more.

Enter Ballio and Asot.

SCEN. XIIII.

Tyndarus, Techmessa, Ballio, Asotus.

Tyn. O Ballio, 'tis in you and deare Asotus
To make two wretches happy. *Asot.* Then be happy.
Tyn. I'le make you two joynt heirs of my estate,
And you shall give it out we two are dead
By our own hands. And bear us both this night
To church in coffins. Whence we'le make escape,
And bid farewell to Thebes. *Asot.* Would you not both
Be buried in one coffin? then the grave
Would have her tenants multiply:——heare you Tutour,
Shall not we be suspected for the murder,
And choke with a hempen squincy? *Tyn.* To secure you,
We'le write before what we intend to act:
Our hands shall witnesse with your innocence.
Ball. Well: Come the worst, I'le venture;—— & perchance
You shall not die in jest again o'th' sudden.
Tyn. What strange Mæanders Cupid leads us through!
When most we forward go, we backward move.
There is no path so intricate as Love.

ACTUS

ACTUS IIII. SCEN. I.

Ballio, Asotus, Charilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmessa; Hyperochus, Thrasmachus bearing the coffin of Tyndarus, a servant.

Ball. Arry these letters unto Chremylus house.
Give this to Pamphilus, to Evadne that,
And certifie 'um of this sad event.
It will draw teares from theirs — As
from my eyes,
Because they are not reall obsequies.

Asot. So great my grief, so dolorous my disaster,
I know not in what language to expresse it,
Unlesse I should be dumbe! — Sob — sob Asotus,
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings
With lamentation and distress'd condoling,
With blubber'd eyes behold this spectacle
Of mans mortalitie. — O my deareſt Tyndarus!

Thras. Learn of us Captains to outface grimme death,
And gaze the lean-chapt monster in the face.

Asot. I, and I could but come to see his face,
I'de scratch his eyes out. — O the ugly Rogue!
Could none but Tyndarus and fair Techmessa
Serve the vile varlet to leade apes in hell?

Hyper. I have seen thousands sigh out souls in grones,
And yet have laugh'd: — it has been sport to see
A mangled carcasse broach'd with so many wounds,
That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

Asot. Are crawling vermine of so choice a diet?
Would I were then a worm, freely to feed
On such a delicate and Ambrosian dish,
Fit to be serv'd a banquet to my bed!
But O — Techmessa, death has swallowed thee,
Too sweet a sop for such a fiend as he.

Char.

Char. Chase hence these showres, for since they both were
Teares will not bribe the fates for a new thread. (dead,
Bom. Inexorable fates, —— Be not sorry:
For Clotho's distaff will be peremptory!
Asot. Go then, and dip your pens in gall and vineger
To rail on Mors, cruel —— impartiall Mors:
The savage Tyrant —— all-devouring Mors:
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors:
Mors that respects not valour, Mors that cares not
For wit or learning, Mors that spares not honour:
Mors whom wealth bribes not, Mors whom beauty tempts not
Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it
To be revenge'd on Mors I keep a Poet.
Thras. If Mors were here, the Skeleton should know
I'de cut his charnell bones to dice, for grieving
Our noble Generall —— Courage bon chevalier!

SCEN. II.

Simo, Asotus, Ballio, Thrasimachus, Hyperbolus, Charilus, Bomolochus.

Sim. WHy is my boy so sad? —— Tell me Asotus:
If dissolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a treasure.
Asot. O sad mischance! *Sim.* What grieves my hope, my joy,
My staff, my comfort? *Asot.* Wofull accident!
Sim. Have I not barricadoed all my doores,
And stopt each chink and cranny in my house,
To keep out povertie and lean misfortune?
Where crept this sorrow in? *Asot.* Here, through my heart.
O father, I will tell you such a storie
Of such a sad and lamentable nature,
'Twill crack your purse-strings. *Sim.* Ha? what storie, boy?
Asot. My friend, my deare friend Tyndarus, Sir, is dead.
—— And, to augment my sorrow, —— kill'd himself.
And yet, to adde more to my heap of griefs,
Left me and Ballio —— his estate —— *Sim.* Alas!
Is not this counterfeit sorrow well exprest?

Ball.

Ball. But I grieve truely that I grieve in jeſt.

Sim. Half his eſtate to thee, and half to Ballio?
A thouſand pities——Gently reſt his bones.
I cannot but weep with thee, *Ball.* Sir, you ſee,
If you had left him nothing, my inſtructions
Can draw in patrimonies. *Sim.* He is rich
In nothing but a Tutour.——Good Aſotus,
Though ſorrow be a debt due to the herſe
Of a dead friend, and we muſt wet the turf
Under whoſe roof he lodges: yet we muſt not
Be too immoderate. *Aſot.* Bear me witneſſe, heaven!
I us'd no force of Rhetorick, no perſwaſions
(What e're the wicked and malicious world
May raſhly cenſure) to inſtigate theſe two
To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot;
All of you know that I am ignorant.

Phryn. Where is my love? ſhall ſorrow rivall me? *Enter Phryne.*
And hang about thy neck? If grief be got
Into thy cheeks, I'le clap it out.——Deare chicken,
You ſha' not be ſo ſad, indeed you ſha' not.
Be merry: by this kiſſe I'le make you merry.

Aſot. Then wipe my eyes.——Thus when the clouds are gone,
The day again is gilded by the ſunne.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Aſotus, Simo, Phryne, Thraſimachus, Hyperbolus, Charilus, Bomolochus, Sexton.

Aſot. WHo's within here? *Sext.* What's the matter without there?

Aſot. Ha! What art thou? *Sext.* The laſt of tailours, Sir, that ne're take meaſure of you, while you have hope to weare a new ſuit.

Aſot. How doſt thou live? *Sext.* As worms do:——by the dead.

Aſot. A witty raſcall. Let's have ſome diſcourſe with him.

Thraſ. Are any ſoldiers bones in garriſon here?

Sext. Faith, Sir, but few: they, like poore travellers,
Take up their inne by chance; but some there be.

Thras. Do not those warlike bones in dead of night
Rise up in arms, and with tumultuous broyle
Waken the dormise that dull peace hath lull'd
Into a lethargie? —— Dost not heare 'um knock
Against their coffins, till they crack and break
The marble into shivers that intombes 'um;
Making the temple shake as with an earthquake,
And all the statues of the gods grow pale,
Affrighted with the horrour? *Sext.* No such matter.

Hyper. Do they not call for arms, and fright thee, stortall,
Out of thy wits? Do they not break the legs,
And crush the skulls that dare approach too neare
Their honour'd graves? —— When I shall come to dwell
In your dark family, if a noysome carcase
Offend my nostrils with too rank a sent,
Know —— I shall rage —— & quarrell, —— till I fright
The poore inhabitants of the charnell house:
That here shall run a toe, a shin-bone there:
Here creeps a hand, there trowles an arm away:
One way a crooked rib shall halting hie,
Another you shall trundling finde a skull.
Like the distracted citizens of a town
Beleaguer'd, —— and in danger to be taken.

Asot. For heavens sake, Sexton, lay my quiet bones
By some precise religious officer,
One that will keep the peace. —— These roaring captains,
With blustring words and language full of dread,
Will make me quit my tombe, and run away
Wrapt in my winding sheet; —— as if grim Minos,
Stern Æacus, and horrid Rhadamanth
Enjoyn'd the corps a penance. *Sext.* Never fear it.
This was a captains skull, one that carried a storm in his countenance, & a tempest in his tongue: The great bug-beare of the citie, that threw drawers down the stairs as familiarly as quart-pots; and had a pension from the Barbour-chirurgeons

for

for breaking of pates: A fellow that had ruin'd the noſes of more bawds and pandars, then the diſeaſe belonging to their trade.——And yet I remember when he went to buriall, another corſe took the wall of him, & the bandog ne're grumbled.

Aſot. Then skull (although thou be a captains skull)
I ſay thou art a coward,——and no Gentleman;
Thy mother was a whore,——and thou lieſt in thy throat.

Hyper. Do not, live hare, pull the dead lions beard.

Aſot. No, good Hyperbolus; I but make a jeſt
To ſhow my reading in moralitie.

Cher. Do not the aſhes of deceaſed Poets
Inſpir'd with ſacred furie, carroll forth
Enthuſiaſtick raptures? Doſt not heare 'um
Sing myſteries, and talk of things conceal'd
The reſt of mortall judgements? Doſt not ſee
Apollo and the Muſes every night
Dance rings about their tombes? *Bom.* Do not roſes,
Lilies, and violets grow upon their graves?
Shoots not the laurell, that impal'd their brows,
Into a tree, to ſhadow their bleſt marble?
Do they not riſe out of their ſhrowds to reade
Their Epitaphs? and if they like 'um not,
Expunge 'um, and write new ones? Do they not
Roar in caliginous terms, and vapour forth
From reeking entralls fogs Egyptian,
To puzzle even an oculate intellect?
Prate they not cataracts of inſenſible noiſe,
That with obſtreperous cadence cracks the organs
Acroamatick, till the deaf auditor
Admires the words he heares not?

Saw. This was a poeticall noddle. O the ſweet lines, choice language, eloquent figures, beſides the jeſts, half jeſts, quarter jeſts, & quibles that have come out of theſe chaps that yawn ſo! He has not now ſo much as a new coyn'd complement to procure him a ſupper. The beſt fried he has may walk by him now, & yet have ne're a jeſter put upon him. His miſtreſſe had a little dog deceaſed the other day, & all his wit in this noddle could

not pump out an Elegie to bewail it. He has been my tenant this seven yeares, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene & the rest of the Muses have a good time on't that he is dead: for while he liv'ed, he ne're left calling upon 'um. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the parish; and is happier dead then alive: for he has now as much money as the best in the companie, & yet has left off the poeticall way of begging, call'd Borrowing.

Asot. I scorn thy Lyrick and Heroick strain,
Thy tart Iambick and Satyrick vein.
Where be thy querks and tricks? show me again
The strange conundrums of thy frisking brain,
Thou Poets skull, and fry, What's rhyme to chimney?

Sext. Alas! Sir, you ha' pos'd him; he cannot speak to give you an answer, though his mouth be alwayes open. A man may safely converse with him now, & never fear stifling in a crowd of verses. And now a Play of his may be freely offer'd, without a libel upon the audience, the boyes may be bold to cry it down.

Ball. I cannot yet conceive it handsomely.
Me thinks the darkenesse of the night should prompt me
To a plot of that complexion. Ruminate,
Ruminate, Ballio. *Play.* Pray, Sir, how does death
Deal with the Ladies? Is he so unmannerly
As not to make distinction of degrees?
I hope the rougher bones of men have had
More education, then to trouble theirs
That are of gentler straine.

Sext. Death is a blunt villain, Madam: he makes no distinction betwixt Jone and my Lady. This was the prime Madam in Thebes, the generall mistresse, the onely adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of starres in these two auger-holes; or that this pit had been arch'd over with a handsome nose, that had been at the charges to maintain half a dozen of severall silver arches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once, to have kiss'd these lips that grin so. This mouth out of all the Madams bones cannot now be

furniſhed with a ſet of teeth. She was the coyeſt overcurious dame in all the citie: her chambermaids miſplacing of a hair, was as much as her place came to. ——— Oh! if that Lady now could but behold this phyſnomie of hers in a looking-glaſſe, what a monſter would ſhe imagine her ſelfe? With all her perrukes, tyres and dreſſes, with her chargeable teeth, with her ceruſſe and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and Doctour, make this idol up again?

Paint, Ladies, while you live, and plaiſter fairs;
But when the houſe is fall'n, 'tis paſt repair.

Phryn. No matter, my Aſotus: Let death do
His pleaſure then, we'le do our pleaſures now.
Each minute that is loſt, is paſt recall.
This is the time allotted for our ſports,
'Twere ſinne to paſſe it. While our lips are ſoft,
And our embraces warm, we'le twine and kiſſe.
When we ſhall be ſuch things as theſe, let worms
Crawl through our eyes, and eat our noſes off,
It is no matter. While we liv'd, we liv'd.

Aſot. And when we die, we die. We will be both embalm'd
In precious unguents to delight our ſenſe,
And in our grave we'le buſſe, and hug, and dally
As we do here: for death can nothing be
To him that after death ſhall lie with thee.
Sexton, receive theſe coffins to the temple;
But not interre them, ——— for they both are guilty
Of their own bloud, ——— till we make expiation
T'alloy the fact. ——— Harbour, reward the Sexton.
I'le come ſometimes and talk moralitie with him.

Buff. This, Sir, my Pupill gives you ——— but hereafter
I'le more then treble it, if you be no enemie
To your own profit. *Sext.* Profit's my religion.

Aſot. Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave,
Uſher my living miſtreſſe home again.
This joy with grief alternate courſes ſhares:
Fortune, I ſee thy wheel in all affairs.

Exeunt omnes præter Sexton.

SCEN. IIII.

Sexton, and his wife Staphyla.

Sext. Staphyla, why Staphyla: I hope she has ta'ne her last sleep. Why when, Staphyla?

Staph. What a life have I? I, that can never be quiet, I can no sooner lie down to take my rest, but presently, Staphyla, Staphyla. What's the news?

Sext. A prize, my rogue, a prize.

Staph. Where? or from whom?

Sext. Why, thou knowest I rob no where but on the high-way to heaven, such as are upon their last journey thither. Thou & I have been land-pirates this six and thirty yeares, and have pillaged our share of Charons passengers. Here are a couple of sound sleepers, & perchance their clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like a Lord, and thou shalt be my Madam, Staphyla.

Staph. Truely, husband, I have had such fearfull dreams to night, that I am perswaded (though I think I shall never turn truely honest again) to rob the dead no more. For, me thought, as you and I were robbing the dead, the dead took heart, and robb'd us.

Sext. Tush, dreams are idle things. There is no felonie warrantable but ours, for it is grounded on rules of charitie. Is it fitting the dead should be cloath'd and the living go naked? Besides, what is it to them whether they lie in sheets or no? Did you ever heare of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is safety and securitie in these attempts. What inhabitant of the grave that had his house broke open, accus'd the thief of Burglarie? Look here: This is a Lawyers skull. There was a tongue in't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almost have perswaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent busie fellow, till death gave him his *Quietus est*. And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown, and the rest of his habiliments, to the very buckrum-bag, not leaving him so much as a poore half-peny to pay for his waftage: and yet the good man ne're repin'd at it. Had he

been alive, and were to have pleaded againſt me, how would he have thundred it!---Behold (moſt grave Judges) a fact of that horrour and height in ſinne, ſo abominable, ſo deteſtable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this dayes cauſe preſented to the admiration of your eares. I cannot ſpeak it without trembling, 'tis ſo new, ſo unus'd, ſo unheard-of a villanie. But that I know your Lordſhips confident of the honeſtie of your poore Orator, I ſhould not hope by all my reaſons, grounds, teſtimonies, arguments, and perſwaſions to gain your belief. This man, ſaid I, man? this monſter rather: but monſter is too eaſie a name: this devil, this incarnate devil, having loſt all honeſty, and abjur'd the profeſſion of vertue, robb'd: (a ſinne in the action) But who? The dead. What need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is ſufficient to condemne him. I ſay, he robb'd the dead. The dead! Had he robb'd the living, it had been more pardonable: but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poore impotent dead, that can neither card, nor ſpin, nor make new ones, O 'tis moſt audacious and intolerable!---Now you have well ſpoke, why do you not after all this Rhetorick, put your hand behinde you, to receive ſome more inſtructions backward? Now a man may clappe you o'th' coxcombe with his ſpade, and never ſtand in fear of an action of batterie.

Staph. For this one time, husband, I am induced; but in ſooth I will not make a common practiſe of it. Knock you up that coffin, and I'le knock up this.---Rich and glorious!

Sext. Bright as the ſunne! Come, we muſt ſtrip you Gallants; the worms care not for having the diſhes ſerv'd up to their table cover'd.

O, O, O! *Tyndarus and Techmeſſa riſe from the coffins;*

Staph. Heaven ſhield me! O, O, O! *and the Sexton and his wife affrighted, fall into a ſwoon.*

SCE.

SCEN. V.

Tyndarus and Tethmessa.

Tyn. HOw poore a thing is man, whom death it ſelf
Cannot protect from injuries! O ye gods!
Is't not enough our wretched lives are toſs'd
On dangerous ſeas, but we muſt ſtand in fear
Of Pirates in the haven too? Heaven made us
So many buts of clay, at which the gods
In cruell ſport ſhoot miſeries. ——— Yet, I hope,
Their ſpleene's grown milder, and this bleſt occaſion
Offers it ſelf an earneſt of their mercy.
Their ſinnes have furniſht us with fit diſguiſes
To quiet our perplexed ſouls. Techmeſſa,
Let me aray you in this womans robes.
I'le weare the Sextons garments in exchange.
Our ſheets and coffins ſhall be theirs.

Teeh. Deare Tyndarus?
In all my life I never found ſuch peace
As in this coffin: it preſented me
The ſweets that death affords. ——— Man has no libertie
But in this priſon. ——— Being once lodg'd here,
He's fortified in an impregnable fort,
Through which no doubts, ſuſpicions, jealouſies,
No ſorrows, cares, or wilde diſtractions
Can force an entrance to diſturb our ſleeps.

Tyn. Yet to thoſe priſons will we now commit
Theſe two offenders. *Teeh.* But what benefit
Shall we enjoy by this diſguiſe? *Tyn.* A great one:
If my Evadne or thy Pamphilus
E're lov'd us living, they will haſte to make
Atonement for our ſouls, ſtain'd with the guilt
Of our own bloud: if not, they will rejoyce
Our deaths have opened them ſo cleare a paſſage
To their cloſe loves: and with thoſe thoughts poſſeſs'd,
They will forget the torments hell provides
For thoſe, that leave the warfare of this life

Without

Without a paſſe from the great Generall.

Tech. I hope they may prove conſtant! *Tyn.* So pray I.
I will deſire yon ſtatue be ſo courteous
To part with's beard a while.——So, we are now
Beyond diſcovery. *Sext.* O,O,O! *Staph.* O,O,O!

Tyn. Let's uſe a charm for theſe.

Quiet ſleep, or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a ſnake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy bodie to the boyling lake,
Where fire and brimſtone never ſlake:
Thy heart ſhall burn, thy head ſhall ake,
And every joynt about thee quake.
And therefore dare not yet to wake.

Tech. *Quiet ſleep, or thou ſhalt ſee*
The horrid hags of Tartarie,
Whoſe treſſes ugly ſerpents be,
And Cerberus ſhall bark at thee:
And all the Furies that are three,
The worſt is call'd Tiſiphone,
Shall laſh thee to eternitie.
And therefore ſleep thou peacefully.

Tyn. But who comes hither? Ballio; what's his buſineſſe?

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Ball. SExton, I'le open firſt thine eares with theſe,
To make 'um fit to let perſwaſions in.

Tyn. Theſe, Sir, will cure my deafneſſe. *Ball.* Art thou mine?

Tyn. Sir, you have bought me. *Ball.* I'le pay double for thee.
Shall I prevail in my requeſt? *Tyn.* Ask theſe.——

Ball. Th' art apprehenſive, to the purpoſe then;
Have you not in the temple ſome deep vault
Ordain'd for buriall? *Tyn.* Yes. *Ball.* Then I proceed:
We have to night perform'd the laſt of ſervice
That pietie can pay to our dead friends.

Tyn. 'Twas charitably done. *Ball.* We brought 'um hither
To their laſt home.——Now Sir, they both being guilty
Of their own deaths, I fear the laws of Thebes
Denie 'um buriall. It would grieve me, Sir,
(For friendſhip cannot be ſo ſoon forgot;
Eſpecially, ſo firm a one as ours)
To have 'um caſt a prey to Wolves and Eagles.
Sir, theſe religious thoughts have brought me hither
Now at the dead of night, to intreat you,
To caſt their coffins into ſome deep vault,
And to interre 'um.——O my Tyndarus,
All memorie ſhall fail me, ere my thoughts
Can leave th' impreſſion of that love I bear thee.
Thou left'ſt me half of all the land thou hadſt;
And ſhould I not provide thee ſo much earth
As I can meaſure by thy length, heaven curſe me!

Tyn. Sir, if your courteſie had not bound me yours,
This act of goodneſſe had. *Ball.* So true a friend
No age records.——Farewell.——This work ſucceeds.
Poſteritie, that ſhall this ſtorie get,
May learn from hence an art to counterfeit. *Exit Ball.*

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Tyn. HEre was a ſtrange deliverance! who can be
So confident of fortune, as to ſay,
I now am ſafe? *Tech.* This villain has reveal'd
All our deſignes to Pamphilus and Evadne:
And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance,
If you were dead indeed, have won this raſcall
To this black treaſon.——What foul crimes can Luſt
Prompt her baſe vaſſals to!——Here let us end
Our buſie ſearch, and travell o're the world,
To ſee if any cold and Northern climate
Have entertain'd loſt Vertue, long ſince fled
Our warmer countrey. *Tyn.* Ha!——'Tis ſo!——'Tis ſo!

I ſee it with cleare eyes.——O curſed plot!
And are you brooding crocodiles? I may chance
To break the ſerpents egge, ere you have hatch'd
The viper to perfection. Come Techmeſſa,
My anger will no longer be confin'd
To patient ſilence: Tedious expectation
Is but a fooliſh fire by night, that leads
The traveller out on's way.——Break forth, my wrath,
Break like a deluge of conſuming fire,
And ſcorch 'um both to aſhes in a flame
Hot as their luſt.——No:——'Tis too baſe a bloud
For me to ſpill.——Let 'um e'ne live t'ingender
A brood of monſters:——May perpetuall jealouſie
Wait on their beds, and poyſon their embraces
With juſt ſuſpicions: may their children be
Deform'd, and fright the mother at the birth:
May they live long, and wretched; all mens hate,
And yet have miſerie enough for pitie:
May they be long a dying——of diſeaſes
Painfull and loathſome:——Paſſion, do not hurrie me
To this unmanly womaniſh revenge.
Wilt thou curſe Tyndarus when thou wear'ſt a ſword?
But ha, heark, obſerve!——

SCEN. VIII.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Pam. WAit till we call.
Heaven, if thou haſt not emptied all thy treaſury
Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee
To lay on more. What torments haſt thou left,
In which thou haſt not exercis'd my patience?
Yet caſt up all th' accounts of all my ſorrows,
And the whole ſumme is trebled in the loſſe
Of deare Techmeſſa. *Tech.* If this grief were reall!
Tyn. Be not too credulous. *Pam.* I have ſtood the reſt
Of your afflictions, with this one I fell,

Fell like a rock that had repell'd the rage
Of thouſand violent billows, and withſtood
Their fierce aſſaults, untill the working Tide
Had undermin'd him: then he falls, and draws
Part of the mountain with him. *Evad.* Pamphilus,
When did you ſee my ſweet-heart? prithee tell me,
Is he not gone a maying? —he will bring me
Some pinks and dayſies home to morrow morning.
Pray heaven he meet no theeves! *Pam.* Alas Evadne!
Thy Tyndarus is dead. *Evad.* What ſhall I do?
I cannot live without him. *Tyn.* I am mov'd:
Yet I will make this triall full and perfect.
What, at this diſmall houre, when nothing walks
But ſouls tormented, calls you from your ſheets
To viſit our dark cells, inhabited
By death and melancholy? *Evad.* I am come
To ſeek my true-love here. Did you not ſee him?
He's come to dwell with you, pray uſe him well,
He was a proper Gentleman.
Tech. Sir, what cauſe
Enforc'd you hither? *Pam.* I am come to pay
The tribute of my eyes to a dead Love.
Tyn. Fair Lady, may I ask one queſtion of you?
Did you admit no love into your boſome
But onely his? *Evad.* Alas! you make me weep.
Could any woman love a man, but him?
No, Tyndarus, I will not long outlive thee:
We will be married in Elyſium,
And arm in arm walk through the bleſſed groves,
And change a thouſand kiſſes, —you ſha'nt ſee us.
Tyn. I know not whether it be joy or grief
Forces teares from me. *Tech.* Were you conſtant, Sir,
To her whoſe death you now ſo much lament?
For by thoſe prodigies and apparitions
That have to night ſhak'd the foundations
Of the whole temple, your inconſtancie
Hath caus'd your Miſtreſſes untimely end.

Pam.

Pam. The Sunne ſhall change his courſe, and finde new paths
To drive his chariot in: the Load-ſtone leave
His faith unto the North: ——The vine withdraw
Thoſe ſtrict embraces that infold the Elme
In her kinde arms: ——But, if I change my love
From my Techmeſſa, may I be recorded
To all poſterity, Loves great Apoſtate,
In Cupids annalls. *Evad.* If you ſee my Tyndarus,
Pray tell him I will make all haſte to meet him.
I will but weep a while firſt. *Tyn.* Pretie ſorrow!
Tech. Sir, you may veil your falſhood in ſmooth language,
And gild it o're with fair hypocriſie:
But here has been ſuch grones; Ghoſts that have cried
In hollow voices, Pamphilus, O falſe Pamphilus!
Revenge on Pamphilus! Such complaints as theſe
The gods ne're make in vain.
Pam. Then there is witch-craft in't. And are the gods
Made parties too againſt me? ——Pardon then
If I grow ſtubborn. ——While they preſt my ſhoulders
No more then I could bear, they willingly
Submitted to the burden. ——Now they wiſh
To caſt it off. ——What treachery has brib'd you,
Celeſtiall forms, to be my falſe accuſers?
I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts,
And reade the ſecret characters of my heart)
Give in your verdict: did you ever finde
Another image graven in my ſoul
Beſides Techmeſſa? No! 'Tis hell has forg'd
Theſe ſlie impoſtures! all theſe plots are coyn'd
Out of the devils mintage! *Tech.* Certainly
There's no falſe fire in this. *Tyn.* There cannot be.
Evad. Pray, Sir, direct me where I may embalm
My Tyndarus with my teares. *Tyn.* There, gentle Lady.
Evad. Is this a casket fit to entertain
A jewell of ſuch value? *Pam.* Where muſt I
Pay my devotions? *Tech.* There your dead Saint lies.
Evad. Hail Tyndarus, may earth but lightly preſſe thee:

And mayst thou finde those joyes thou art gone to taste,
As true as my affection. Now I know
Thou canst not choose but love me, and with longing
Expect my quick arrivall: for the foul
Freed fom the cloud of flesh, clearely discerns
Forms in their perfect nature. If there be
A guilt upon thy bloud, thus I'le redeem it, (*offers to kill her self.*
And lay it all on mine. *Tyn.* What mean you, Lady?
Evad. Stay not my pious hand. *Tyn.* Your impious rather.
If you were dead, who then were left to make
Lustration for his crime? shall fooliſh zeal
Perſwade you to a haſty death, and ſo
Leave Tyndarus to eternitie of flames?
Evad. Pardon me, Tyndarus; I will onely ſee
That office done, and then I'le follow thee.
Pam. Thou gentle ſoul of my deceaſed love,
If thou ſtill hover'ſt hereabouts, accept
The vows of Pamphilus. —— If I ever think
Of woman with affection, but Techmeſſa,
Or keep the leaſt ſpark of a love alive
But in her aſhes: let me never ſee
Thoſe bleſſed fields where gentle lovers walk
In endleſſe joyes. —— Why do I idlely weep!
I'le write my grief in bloud. *Tech.* What do you mean?
Pam. Techmeſſa, I am yet withheld; but ſuddenly
I'le make eſcape to finde thee. *Tech.* O bleſt minute!

SCEN. IX.

Dypſas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmeſſa.

Dypſ. WHere ſhall I flie to hide me from my guilt?
It follows me, like thoſe that run away
From their own ſhadows: that which I would ſhun
I bear about me. —— Whom ſhall I appeaſe?
The living, or the dead? for I have injur'd
Both you and them. —— O Tyndarus, here I kneel,
And do confeſſe my ſelf thy cruel murdreſſe;

And

And thine, Techmeſſa.——Gentle daughter, pardon me.
But how ſhall I make ſatisfaction,
That have but one poore life, and have loſt two?
Oh Pamphilus! my malice ruin'd thee,
But moſt Evadne: for at her I aim'd,
Becauſe ſhe is no iſſue of my wombe,
But truſted by her father to my care.
Her have I followed with a ſtepdames hate,
As envious that her beauty ſhould eclipſe
My daughters honour.——But the gods in juſtice
Have ta'ne her hence to puniſh me.——My ſinnes
March up in troups againſt me.——But this potion
Shall purge out life and them. *Tyn.* Be not too raſh:
I will revive Techmeſſa. *Dypſ.* O ſweet daughter!
Pam. Thou haſt reviv'd two lives at once. *Evad.* But I
Still live a widowed virgin. *Tyn.* No, Evadne;
Receive me new created, of a clay
Purg'd from all dregs; my thoughts do all run cleare.
Take hence thoſe coffins. I will have them born
Trophies before me, when we come to tie
The nuptiall knot: for death has brought us life.
Suſpicion made us confident, and weak jealouſie
Hath added ſtrength to our reſolved love.
Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day:
But the next part Hymen intends to play.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Demetrius ſolus.

HAil ſacred Thebes, I kiſſe thy bleſſed ſoil,
And on my knees ſalute thy ſeven gates.
Some twenty winters now have glaz'd thy flouds
Since I beheld thy turrets batter'd then
With warre, that ſought the ruine of thoſe walls
Which

Which muſick built, when Minos cruel tribute
Robb'd mothers of their dearest babes, to glut
His ravenous Minotaure; I for ſafety fled
With my young ſonnes, but call'd my countreys hate
Upon my head, whom miſerie made malicious.
Each father had a curſe in ſtore for me,
Becauſe I ſhar'd not in the common loſſe;
Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me.
I dare not meet the vulgars violent rage
Eager againſt me. I will therefore ſtudie
Some means to live conceal'd.

SCEN. II.

Demetrius, Aſotus.

Aſot. I Have heard my mother,
Who had more proverbs in her mouth then teeth,
(Peace with her ſoul where e're it be) affirm,
Marry too ſoon, and you'l repent too late.
A ſentence worth my meditation:
For marriage is a ſerious thing: perchance
Fair Phryne is no maid; for women may
Be beauteous, yet no virgins. Fair and chaſte
Are not of neceſſarie conſequence.
Or being both fair and chaſte, ſhe may be barren;
And then when I am old, I ſhall not have
A boy——to dote on, as my father does.

Dem. Kinde fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

Aſot. A pretty complement. What art thou fellow?

Dem. A Regiſter of heaven, a privie Counſellour
To all the planets, one that has been tenant
To the twelve houſes, Tutour to the Fates,
That taught 'um th' art of ſpinning; a live Almanack,
One that by ſpeculation in the ſtarres
Can foretell any thing. *Aſot.* How! foretell any thing?
How many yeares are paſt ſince Thebes was built?

Dem. That is not to foretell: you ſtate the queſtion

Of

Of times already past. *Asot.* And cannot you
As well foretell things past, as things to come?
Say, Register of heaven, and Privy-counsellour
To all the planets, with the rest of your titles,
(For I shall ne're be able to repeat um all)
Shall I, as I intend, to day be married?

Dem. Th' Almutes, or the Lord of the Ascendent,
I finde with Luna corporally joyn'd
To the Almutes of the seventh house,
Which is the matrimoniall family:
And therefore I conclude the nuptials hold.
And yet th' Aspect is not in Trine, or Sextile,
But in the Quartile radiation,
Or Tetragon, which shewes an inclination
Averse, and yet admitting of reception,
It will, although encountred with impediment,
At last succeed. *Asot.* Ha! What bold impediment
Is so audacious to encounter me?
Be he Almutes of what house he please,
Let his Aspect be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile,
I do not fear him with his radiations,
His Tetragons, and inclinations:
If he provoke my splene, I'le have him know
I souldiers feed shall mince him, and my Poets
Shall with a satyre steep'd in gall and vinegar,
Rhyme 'um to death, as they do rats in Ireland.

Dem. Good words.
There's no resistance to the laws of Fate
This sublunary world must yeeld obedience
To the celestiall vertues. *Asot.* One thing more
I would desire to know: Whether my spouse
That shall be, be immaculate. I'de be loth
To marry an Advowson that has had
Other incumbents. *Dem.* I'le resolve you instantly,
The Dragons-tail stands where the head should be:
A shrewd suspicion, ——she has been strongly tempted.

Asot. The Dragons-tail puts me in a horrible fear.

I feel a kinde of a ſting in my head already.

Dem. And Mars being landlord of th' eleventh houſe,
plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly, ſignifies
The maid has been in love; but the Aſpect
Being without reception, layes no guilt
Of act upon her.

Aſot. I ſhall be jealous preſently,
For the Ram is but an ill ſigne in the head,
And you know what Scorpio amits a in the Almanack.

Dem. But when I ſee th' Aſcendent and his Lord,
With the good Moon in angles and fixt ſignes,
I do conclude her virgin pure and ſpotleſſe.

Aſot. I thank th' Aſcendent, and his noble Lord,
He ſhall be welcome to my houſe at any time,
And ſo ſhall miſtreſſe Moon, with all her angles,
And her fixt ſignes. But how come you to know
All this for certain? *Dem.* Sir, the learned Cabaliſts,
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull:
As *Aſia*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Cancaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albias*,
Gafar, with *Hali*, *Hippocras*, and *Tencho*,
With *Ben*, *Beneſaphan*, and *Albubetes*.

Aſot. Are *Aſia*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
With all the reſt o' th' Jury, men of credit?

Dem. Their words ſhall go as farre i' th' Zodiack, Sir,
As anothers bond. *Aſot.* I am beholding to um.
Another ſcruple yet:——I would have children too,
Children to dote on, Sir, when I grow old,
Such as will ſpend when I am dead and gone,
And make me have ſuch fine dreams in my grave.

Dem. Sir, y' are a happy man. I do not ſee
In all your horoſcope one ſigne maſculine,
For ſuch portend ſterilitie. *Aſot.* How's that, man?
Is 't poſſible for any man to ha' children
Without a ſigne maſculine? *Dem.* Sir, you miſtake me:
You are not yet initiate. The Almutes
Of the Aſcendent is not elevated

Above

Above the Almutes of the filial houſe.
Venus is free, and Jove not yet combuſt:
And then the ſignifier being lodg'd
In watry ſignes, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fiſh,
Foreſhow a numerous iſſue of both ſexes.
And Mercury in's exaltations
Plac'd in their angles, and their points ſucceſſive,
Beholds the Lords of the Triplicitie
Unhindered in their influence. You were born
Under a getting conſtellation,
A fructifying ſtarre.——Sir, I pronounce you
A joyfull father. *Aſot.* Happy be the houre
I met with thee! I'le ha' thee live with me.
Thou ſhalt be my domeſticall Aſtronomer.
I have a brace of Poets as fit as may be;
To furniſh thee with verſes for each moneth.
Sir, ſince the gracious ſtarres do promiſe me
So numerous a troup of ſonnes and daughters,
'Tis fit I ſhould have my means in my own hands
To provide for 'um all; therefore I fain would know
Whether my father be——long-liv'd, or no.
Dem. The planet Mars is Orientall now
To Saturn; but in reference to the Sun
He bears a Weſterly poſition.
Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sun
In oppoſition, both ſiniſterly
Fall'n from their corners, plainly ſignifies
He cannot long ſurvive. *Aſot.* Why, who can help it?
There's no reſiſtance to the laws of Fate:
This ſublunary world muſt yeeld obedience
To the celeſtiall vertues.——Were't not providence
To beſpeak mourning clokes againſt the funerall?
Dem. 'Tis good to be in readineſſe. *Aſot.* If thou be
So cunning a prophet, tell me; Do I mean
To entertain thee for my wizard?
Dem. Sir,
I do not ſee the leaſt Azymenes,

Or planetary hindrance. Alcocoden
Tells me you will. *Asot.* I'll Alcocoden then
He is ith' right, Thrasimachus, Hyperbolus! (*Enter Thrase. Hyper.*
We have increas'd our family, see him enroll'd.
He is a man of merit, and can prophesie.

Thras. We'le drench him in the welcome of the cellar,
And trie if he can prophesie who falls first.

Asot. How will the world admire me, when they see
My house an Academe, all the arts
Wait at my table, every man of qualitie
Take sanctuary here? I will be patron
To twenty liberall sciences.

SCEN. III.

Asotus, Ballio.

Ball. A Fair sunne
Shine on the happy bridegroom. *Asot.* Quoridam Tutour,
(For I am past all tuition but my wives)
Thanks for your wishes, have you studied yet
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge
I care not for) I may expresse my grief
At the sad funerals of my friends deceas'd,
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed
The beauteous Phryne? *Ball.* I have beat my brain
To finde out a right garb: weare these two cloakes,
This sable garment, sorrows Livorie,
Speaks funerall: this richer robe of joy,
Sayes 'tis a nuptiall solemnitie.

Asot. A choice device. —— I'le practise. *Ball.* Rarely well.

SCEN. IIII.

Asotus, Ballio, Simo.

Sim. GOod morrow boy: how flows thy blood, Asotus,
Upon thy wedding day? is it spring-tide?

Find'st

Find'ſt thou an active courage in thy bones?
Wilt thou at night create me Grandſire? ha?
O, I remember with what ſprightly courage
I bedded thy old mother, and that night
Bid fair for thee boy: how I curſt the ceremonies,
And thought the youngſters ſcrambled for my points
Too ſlowly: 'Twas a happy night, Aſotus.

Aſot. How ſad a day is this! methinks the ſunne,
Affrighted with our ſorrows, ſhould run back
Into his Eaſtern palace, and for ever
Sleep in the lap of Thetis. Can he ſhow
A glorious beam when Tyndarus is dead,
And fair Techmeſſa? I will weep a flood
Deep as Deucalions; and again the Chaos
Shall muffle up the lamentable world
In ſable clokes of grief and black confuſion!

Sim. What ails my boy? unſeaſonable grief
Shall not diſturb thy nuptialls. — Good Aſotus,
Be not ſo paſſionate. *Bal.* What incomparable mirth
Would ſuch a dotard and his humorous ſonne
Make in a Comedie, if a learned pen
Had the expreſſion! *Aſot.* Now the tother cloke.
In what a verdant weed the ſpring arayes
Freſh Tellus in! how Flora decks the fields
With all her tapeſtrie! and the Choriſters
Of every grove chaunt Carrolls! Mirth is come
To viſit mortalls. Every thing is blithe,
Jocund, and joviall. All the gods arrive
To grace our nuptialls. Let us ſing and dance,
That heaven may ſee our revells, and ſend down
The planets in a Maſque, the more to grace
This dayes ſolemnitie. *Sim.* I, this, Aſotus;
There's muſick, boy, in this. *Aſot.* Now this cloke again.
You gods, you overload mortalitie,
And preſſe our ſhoulders with too great a weight
Of diſmall miſeries. All content is fled
With Tyndarus and Techmeſſa. Ravens croak

About my houſe, ill-boding ſchreech-owls ſing
Epithalamiums to my ſpouſe and me.
Can I dream pleaſures, or expect to taſte
The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus
And fair Teclmeſſa from the world are gone?
No, pardon me you gentle ghoſts; I vow
To cloiſter up my grief in ſome dark cell:
And there, till grief ſhall cloſe my blubber'd eyes,
Weep forth repentance. *Sim.* Sure he is diſtracted!
Aſotus, do not grieve ſo, all thy ſorrows
Are doubled in thy father: Pitie me,
If not thy ſelf; O pitie theſe gray hairs,
Pitie my age, Aſotus. *Aſot.* What a ſilly fellow
My father is, that knows not which cloke ſpeaks!
Father, you do forget this is our nuptiall.
Caſt off thoſe trophies of your wealthy beggerie,
And clad your ſelf in rich and ſplendent weeds,
Such as become my father; Do not blemiſh
Our dignitie with rags. Appeare to day
As glorious as the ſunne. Set forth your ſelf
In your bright luſtre. *Sim.* So I will, my boy:
Was there ever father ſo fortunate in a childe? *Exit Sim.*

Aſot. Do not I vary with decorum, Ballio?

Ball. I do not think but Proteus, Sir, begot you
On a Chameleon. *Aſot.* Nay, I know my mother
Was a Chameleon, for my father allowed her
Nothing but aire to feed on.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Aſotus, Phryne.

Phryn. RIſes Aurora with a happy light
On my Aſotus? *Aſot.* Beauteous Phryne, welcome:
Although the dragons tail may ſcandall thee,
And Mars corrupt the Scorpion and the Ramme;
Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt ſignes
Gives thee a good report. *Phryn.* What means my deare?

Aſot.

Asot. Thy deare, my beauteous Phryne, means the same
With *Hali*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Cancaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuan*,
Gasar, with *Asta*, *Hippocrin*, and *Lencuo*,
With *Ben*, *Benesaphan*, and *Albubetes*.
Phryn. I fear you ha' studied the black art of late.
Asot. Ah Girle! Th' Almutes of the filial house
Is not depress'd, Venus is free, and Jove
Not yet combust: the signes are watry signes,
And Mercury beholds the trine aspect
Unhinder'd in his influence. *Phryn.* What of all this?
Asot. We shall have babies plenty: I am grown
Learned of late. Go Phryne, be in readinesse;
I long to tie the knot: at night we'le make
A young Asotus. *Phryn.* Health attend you, Sir. *Exit Phryn.*

SCEN. VI.

Dypsas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmessa, Asotus, Ballio, Phronesium, Priests and sacrifice, and Hymens statue discovered.

Asot. TYndarus living? here, take this cloke away, Ballio:
We have no use on't. *Ball.* The more sorrow's mine.
Tyn. How does my friend Asotus? *Asot.* You are welcome
From the dead, Sir: I hope our friends in Elysium
Are in good health. *Tyn.* Ballio, I thank you heartily,
You had an honest and religious care
To see us both well buried. *Ball.* I shall be hang'd. *Exit.*

The song and sacrifice.

Priest. Hymen, thou God of union, with smooth brow
Accept our pious Orgies. Thou that tiest
Hearts in a knot, and link'st in sacred chains
The mutuall souls of Lovers, may it please
Thy Deitie, to admit into the number
Of thy chaste votaries this blessed pair.
Mercy you gods! the statue turns away.

(*He presents Tyndarus and Evadne.*

Tyn.

Tyn. Why should this be? The reason is apparent:
Evadne has been false, and the chaste deitie
Abhorres the sacrifice of a spotted soul.
Go thou dissembler, mask thy self in modestie,
Weare vertue for a veil, and paint false blushes
On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou mayst cozen
The eyes of man, and cheat the purblinde world,
Heaven has a piercing sight. Hymen, I thank thee,
Thou stoppedst my foot stepping into the gulf.
How neare was I damnation! *Evad.* Gentle Hymen,
What sinne have I unwillingly committed
To call heavens anger on me? *Priest.* If there be
A secret guilt in these, that hath offended
Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou please to provide
This other knot? The Statue turns again!
What prodigies are these! *Pam.* Celestiall powers,
You tyrannize o're man: and yet 'tis sinne
To ask you why you wrong us. *Tech.* Cunning Pamphilus,
Though, like a snake, you couch your self in flowers,
The gods can finde your lurking, and betray
The spotted skin. *Priest.* Above this twenty yeares
Have I attended on thy sacred Temple,
Yet never saw thee so incens'd, dread Hymen.

He presents Pamphil. & Techm.

T

Tyn. To search the reason, will you please to proffer
These to his godhead? *Priest.* Will thy godhead deigne
These two the blessings of the genitall sheet?
He beckens 'um. *Tyn.* I, there the faith is plighted.
False Pamphilus, the honour of the temple,
And the respect I bear religion,
Cannot protect thee. I will stain the altars,
And sprinkle every statue in the shrine
With treacherous bloud. *Priest.* Provoke not Joves just thunder.

He presents Pamphilus & Evadne

Tyn. Well, you may take Evadne, heaven give you joy.
Pam. Religion is meere juggling. This is nothing
But the Priests knaverie: a kinde of holy trick
To gain their superstition credit. Hymen,
Why dost thou turn away thy head? I fear

Thy

Thy bashful deitie is asham'd to look
A woman in the face. If so, I pardon thee:
If out of spight thou crosse me, know, weak godhead,
I'le teach mankinde a custome that shall bring
Thy altars to neglect. Lovers shall couple,
As other creatures, —— freely, and ne're stand
Upon the tedious ceremonie —— Marriage:
And then thou Priest mayst starve. Who in your temple
Will light a —— Cere-candle, or for incense burn
A grain of frankincense? *Chrem.* Heaven instruct our souls
To finde the secret mysterie! *Asot.* I have entertain'd
One that by Ylem and Aldeboran,
With the Almutes, can tell any thing,
I'le fetch him hither: he shall resolve you. *Exit Asot.*
Chrem. Man is a ship that sails with adverse windes,
And has no haven till he land at death.
Then when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safetie,
And beats him back into the deep again.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Asotus, Demetrius: manent cæteri.

Asot. HEre's another figure to cast, Sir, these two Gentlemē
Dem. A sudden joy o'recomes me. *Asot.* Are to marry
Old Chremylus daughters. This is Tyndarus,
And he should have Evadne: and this Pamphilus,
That has a moneths minde to Techmessa; but that Hymen
Looks with a wry neck at 'um. If the Ascendent
With all his radiations and aspects
Know any thing, —— here's one that can unfold it.
I must go fit my self for mine own wedding. *Exit.*
Dem. Flie from the temple you unhallowed troup,
That dare present your sinnes for sacrifice
Before the gods! *Chrem.* What should this language mean?
Dem. Think you that heaven will ever signe a grant

To your incestuous matches? *Chrem.* How incestuous?
Dem. This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius sonne,
Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadne's brother
Evadne trusted in exchange to Chremylus,
For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took
With him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes
To save the infants from the monsters jawes,
The cruel Minotaur. Marvell not the gods
Forbid the banes, when in each match is incest.
Chr. I wonder he should know this. *Tyn.* I am amaz'd.
Dem. I will confirm your faith. *Tyn.* My father? *He puts off his disguise.*
Pam. My father?
Dem. No, good Timarchus, ask thy blessing there.
Sir, if I not mistake me, you are Chremylus.
Pray let me see that ring! —— Sir, I must challenge it,
And in requitall will return you this.
Chrem. Demetrius? Welcome. Now my joyes are full,
When I behold my sonne and my old friend.
Dem. Which is Evadne? Blessings on thy head.
Now, Chremylus, let us conclude a marriage
As we at first intended; my Clinias
With your Techmessa, and your sonne Timarchus
With my Evadne. *Chrem.* Heaven has decreed it so.
Dem. Are the young? *Pam. Evad.* } The will of heaven
people pleas'd? *Tyn. Tech.* } Must be obey'd. *Dem.* Now trie if Hymen please
To end all troubles in a happy marriage.
Priest. Hymen, we thank thee, and will crown thy head
With all the glorious chaplets of the Spring:
The first-born kid, and fattest of our bullocks
Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be
Lawfull to sacrifice in bloud to thee,
That art the means to life) 'cause thy provident mercy
Prevented this incestuous match. Deigne now
Propitious looks to this more holy knot.
This virgin offers up her untouch'd zone,
And vows chaste love to Clinias. All joy to you.
The fair Evadne too is come to hang

Her

Her maiden-girdle at thy ſacred ſhrine,
And vows her ſelf conſtant to the embraces
Of young Timarchus.——Happineſſe wait on both!
Tym. I ſee our jealous thoughts were not in vain.
Nature, abhorring from ſo foul a ſinne,
Infus'd thoſe doubts into us.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Aſotus in arms with a drum & trumpet, attended by Thraſimachus, Hyperb. Bom. Char. Simo, Phryne.

Aſot. IF there be any Knight that dares lay claim
To beauteous Phryne,——(as I hope there's none)
I dare him to th' encounter; let him meet me
Here in the liſts:——If he be wiſe, he dare not,
But will conſider danger in the action.
I'le winne her with my ſword:——miſtake me not,
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend
A title to a hair,——ſhall ſup with Pluto:
'Twere cooler ſupping in another place.
No champion yet appeare?——I would fain fight.

Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

Aſot. I ha' no quarrell to thee, Amazon.

Phron. I muſt have a husband too, & I will have a husband; I, and I will have you: I can hold out no longer: I am weary of eating chalk and coals, and begin to dillike the feeding on oat-meal. The thought of ſo many marriages together has almoſt loſt my maiden-head.

Aſot. Why, thou ſhalt have my father: though he be old,
He's rich, and will maintain thee bravely. Dad,
What think you on't? *Sim.* Thou'lt make me, boy, too happy.
She ſhall have any thing. *Phron.* You will let me make
My own conditions. *Sim.* What thou wilt, my girle.

Phron. I will feed high, go rich, have my ſix horſes,
And my embroyder'd coach, ride where I liſt,
Have all the gallants in the town to viſit me,
Maintain a pair of little legs to go
On idle meſſages to all the Madams.

You shall denie no Gentleman entertainment,
And when we kisse and toy, be it your cue
To nod and fall asleep. *Sim.* With all my heart.
Asot. Then take him Girle, he will not trouble thee long;
For Mars being orientall unto Saturn,
And occidentall to the Sunne, proclaims
He is short-liv'd. *Phryn.* Well Sir, for want of a better,
I am content to take you. *Asot.* Joyn 'um, Priest.
Priest. Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.
Asot. Now usher Phryne to my amorous arms.
Priest. The generous Asotus and fair Phryne
Present their vows unto thee, gracious Hymen.
Sext. I forbid the banes. *Staph.* I forbid the banes. (*They speak out of the coffin.*
As. And can there be no weddings without prodigies?
This is th' impediment, the Azymenes
Or Planetary hindrance threatned me,
By the Almutes of the seventh house,
In an aspect of Tetragon radiation,
If Luna now be corporally joyn'd,
I may o'recome th' aversenesse of my starres.
Tyn. Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will cleare yours.
See you these ghosts? Well Sexton, take heed hereafter
How you rob the dead; some of 'um may cozen you.
Sext. Pardon me, Sir; I seriously vow
Henceforth to rob no creature but the living.
Tyn. Well, you shall both fast to night, and take penance at the lower end of the table in these sheets, and that shall be your punishment.
Asot. Phryne, I take thee for my loving spouse.
Phryn. And I take you for my obedient husband.
Priest. And I conclude the tie. *Asot.* Ha, you sweet rogue!

SCEN. IX.

Enter Ballio with a halter about his neck.

Asot. WHy how now Tutour? a rope about your neck?
I have heard, that hanging and marrying go by destinie;

But

But I never thought they had come together before.

Ball. I have cast a serious thought upon my guilt,
And finde my self an arrant rogue. The gallows
Was all the inheritance I was ever born to.
E'ne use me as you please.

Asot. Pray, Sir, let me beg my Tutours pardon.——
Spare him to day: for when the night comes on,
There's sweeter executions to be done.

Tyn. You have prevail'd. No man be sad to day.
Come, you shall dine with me. *Asot.* Pardon me, Sir:
I will not have it said by the malicious, that I eat at another mans table the first day I set up house-keeping. No, you shall all go home and dine with me.

Tyn. Come then: our joyes are ripen'd to perfection.
Let us give heaven the praise, and all confesse,
There is a difference 'twixt the jealousie
Of those that wooe, and those that wedded be.
This will hatch vipers in the nuptiall bed,
But that prevents the aking of the head. *Exeunt cũ choro cantantium in laud. Hym.*

Epilogus.

Asotus, Astrologer.

Asot. HOw now? Will our endeavours give satisfaction?
Astrol. I finde by the horoscope, & the elevation of the bright Aldeboran, a Sextile opposition; and that th' Almutes is enclining to the enemies house.

Asot. Away with your Almutes, Horoscopes, Elevations, Aldeborans, Sextiles, and Oppositions. I have an art of mine own to cast this figure by.

THe Lovers now Jealous of nothing be
But your acceptance of their Comedie.
I question not heavens influence: for here
I behold Angels of as high a Sphere.
You are the starres I gaze at; we shall finde
Our labours blest, if your Aspects be kinde.

FINIS.

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